

## Leskernick Diary 1997

Mike Wilmore

~~Edited~~  
Unedited Version

### Notes:

"" These indicate a direct quotation.

[...] This indicates something that I've edited out. Normally things that I think people told me in confidence.

{ } This indicates something I've added after returning to London.

X, etc. These indicate places where names have been omitted. The letter used is not tied to any particular individual. I have used this device for instances of things said in public, i.e. when people other than myself and the informant were also present, but which I believe might cause embarrassment.

Everything else is as it is in my original diary, except for a few minor amendments of grammar and phrasing. The curious and statistically minded might like to know that the edited version of this diary is 541 words (1.23%) shorter than the original!

The edited version of this diary is that which I have circulated to all members of the project with the exception of Tony Williams who has an unedited version. At present I intend to restrict access to the results of the survey I conducted to Tony and myself. Following comments from project members I think we shall have to carefully consider whether these should be included in a site archive.

Please pass any comments to me via the staff or post-graduate pigeonholes at the Dept. of Anthropology, UCL.

Wednesday 9th April 1997

I finished reading the diaries that Barbara left for me a few days ago (Chris Tilley's, Henry's and her own). I'm starting this diary now to try to enter into the spirit of the project, to try to get over the sense of trepidation that I'm feeling at the moment. Have to say that part of this feeling is more to do with money than anything else. I told Harriet that I had hoped to use what was left of my wages to pay the poll tax for April. In fact I'd wanted to avoid this and instead try and keep some of the money back for Leskernick. Fat chance though given that the start date is so far in the future. But it does worry me that I probably won't get paid for food, etc. and so I'll have to ask Harriet for the money. She already thinks that I'm being ripped off. All a very long way from the concerns expressed in some of the diaries, I know, but included more to emphasise how I feel at the moment about the whole thing. It feels like a job and a badly paid one at that. I'm not sure how long I can go on substituting career advancement and job satisfaction for daily bread.

Having said all the above I am very excited by the challenge offered by the 'ethnographic' part of the project and I think that I've got some good ideas to try out. Working through some of them today (especially in light of Brigg's article on the use of 'invention of tradition' arguments by anthropologists) I felt that I had worked towards a position that could be sympathetic and critical of both sides of the excavation/survey divide. Problem will be how to put these into practice. I would have



chosen slightly different circumstances under which to get to know Barbara and Chris better [...]. I'm also worried about being an interloper coming in after two years of the project. The depth of feeling that people have for the place is so evident that I worry that they might find me ambivalent. Just don't think that I'm a romantic that's all. Not about Nepal, or London, or Dorset, or Cambridge, or (no surprise here) Stevenage. I find myself feeling most strongly about times not places. Wouldn't want this to seem like simple nostalgia - I just look back in wonder at someone who I know was me (or Harriet, etc.) but in amazement because it doesn't seem like me (could I really say that now, do that now?). I guess one of the things that has brought this to mind is my desire to ask the question 'how did you get here?' to the project members at Leskernick. Will I find any order in their narrative (could they?) when my own progress seems in retrospect so haphazard. How do I make sense of other peoples' lives when I've got trouble making sense of my own?

Thursday 24th April 1997

This proves how little I like the discipline of writing a diary. Not bothered for a few days now, but last night was the first chance for all the 'inscribers' to meet to discuss the project. Whole thing enjoyable from a food, drink and convivial company point of view, but apart from resolving the mundane issues (money, etc.) very little was sorted as far as I'm concerned. For a start Chris left at 8 p.m. to catch a train. This combined with his slightly overbearing manner meant that some of the important points were not raised in a satisfactory way. For all the sophistication of his philosophical approach to archaeology I do not think that he really grasps the reality of carrying out a sociological analysis. None of this surprises me having read his diaries. They are self reflexive within a narrow frame of reference. People are dismissed too easily as philistines or as small minded. His (Chris's) point about using Bourdieu's survey in 'Distinction' for example totally misses one essential point. Whereas Bourdieu had a massive sample that attempted (and by his own admission failed) to represent a cross section of French society, 'we' are dealing with a very small, self-selective sample that can only be said (and then with certain qualifications) to represent those who want the 'do' archaeology.

At first rather self consciously I tried to introduce some worries, but really only skirted around the issue, Felt better at the end because it is a good idea to use a questionnaire, but possibly not for the reasons that Chris suspects. He seems to want a sort of life-style survey so we can create a kind of card hand of the project ('with the cards we were dealt this is what we did). It's so strange that he hasn't suggested (apart from reference to Bourdieu) what he expects to get out of the my research or how it should be interpreted. Maybe he doesn't want to tread on my toes. Wonder if Barbara, Chris and Sue will be hurt by my interpretations because at the moment they are firming up nicely as I go through the diaries and will not I think be entirely praiseworthy of the project. How much can I say? My comment to them regarding advance apology for appearing cold seems a bit stupid in the light of day. But certain things couldn't be left out without seriously upsetting the survey, e.g. the ignored question of ethnicity. In many ways I think that could be the most hurtful. I'm hoping that someone does something to change my views on this one.

Sue is smaller and frailer than I expected. She seems to be physically dwarfed by Barbara and Chris. Their charisma (in many ways complementary) could also be overwhelming and again this came across very strongly in the diaries (especially others comments on relations between the three of them). Sue mentioned her feelings for



Leskernick in response to a question from, I think, Tony about whether the outside world intrudes there. Barbara said she needed her fix of newspaper (Guardian) and that television was also available on site (although not mentioned (ever?) in the diaries). Sue said that when at Leskernick time seemed to be irrelevant. Always seemed a week too short even though the work was mentally and physically tiring. Again the strong sense from Barbara, Sue and Chris T that 'their' site is another realm (utopia?). Interestingly it was asked of Henry (by Barbara I think) whether he could get enough time off work to go to Bodmin. So slightly ironic that for HB it is a holiday but working, whilst for Barbara, Sue and Chris T (got to think of a collective noun!) it is work (research) but a holiday.

HB is quiet and reserved. I look forward to getting to know him better. Maybe our promised get together (me, Tony and Henry) will help here. Tony is, quite frankly, a Me clone (or Javier, or Damien, or Sean, or probably Chris in his student days), i.e. male, bookish and in the culture industry. That's him and me stereotyped!

Friday 25th April 1997

I really was worked up by the time I phoned Barbara in the evening. My concern about the possible conflict in loyalties between my working for the project and for the success of my research into the project was accepted by Barbara. Would it be accepted by Chris T? Barbara suggested that I was more willing to come to her with half formed ideas than to Chris T who would only accept (?) a fully worked out position. Certainly the case I feel. I began to see how they want to run this sociological part of the project. We're not meant to be outside observers, but actively engaged in innovating new research methods. One very interesting point that arose was the question of why I felt these conflicts and contradictions now and not in Nepal (re. faults with RCTV). Raises interesting ethical issues that could form a coherent focus for consideration of research methodology.

Barbara agreed that Chris T's insistence on using Bourdieu was difficult to understand. A concentration on temporality and, in conjunction with Tony's work on spatial aspects of the site, a focus on how space and time perceptions are structured amongst those working on the project would be interesting. The fault lines amongst the members of the project could then be analysed in ways that extend beyond the rather stale excavator versus surveyor dichotomy.

Mentioned question of ethnicity to Barbara and she said that they recognised that it was overwhelmingly (totally?) a white (and middle-class, Sue had said earlier) project. Although it was in these terms that I originally formulated my critique, now I think that we could be missing the point here (having thought about Stuart Hall's comments on Gramsci and race). The theme of ethnicity could be explored by looking at the arrival of the 'alien' project and their interaction with the 'locals'. How are we different to other outsiders (how do we portray ourselves as legitimate arrivals or non-dangerous)? I'm reminded of the comment of Harriet's teaching practice headmaster in Devon on the subject of her dissertation on multicultural education. He said that as they were an all white school he didn't feel that such research was either possible or necessary in his school. The point was, said Harriet, that in these circumstances maybe they needed multicultural education all the more. I looked through some of Chris T's books and there is a remarkable lack of comment on ethnicity. Why has this subject dropped so far from sight? Evolutionary or racial explanations have been discredited and it is not 'proper' or polite to mention them within archaeology.



Saturday 26th April 1997

At Matt and Niki's wedding reception I spoke to Phil about the project. Commented that there {might be} a careerist versus non-careerist split amongst the diggers. He was dubious whether this led to a significant difference in commitment to standards of practice. Mentioned his frustration at X's monopoly on interpretation and that X had named the members of the unit "The Neolithic Research Group" in reference to their speculation whilst digging. He also mentioned their use of 'artistic' excavation methods and that a woman at Southampton Uni. was coming to work with them on a project investigating excavation practice. Ideas sounded similar to the research interests mentioned by Tony in his letter. One worry I have is that, in the light of reading Mike Mikesell's thesis {and noting his polemical comments on anthropology's creation of interpretations based on reified 'cultures'}, aren't we in danger of exoticising excavation and in doing so removing it from any possibility of integrated social critique. I have my suspicions of Chris T's more Foucauldian methodological moments - his claims to be a Marxist seem a little affected at times.

Tuesday 6th May 1997

First opportunity to meet archaeologists at the Institute of Archaeology. Sue busy at 2 p.m. therefore went to library to read. Finally got hold of a copy of 'Phenomenology of Landscape'. Certain sections seem to have ironic effect given reading of Chris T's diary. Division between the finished (polished) text and the diary seem marked. Also became apparent that my concern about 'objectivity' ("the cold rational scientist") was obsolete. The archaeologists are too engaging to make this feasible. {On reflection "cold rational scientist" and "sociologist/anthropologist" are mutually exclusive terms!} Also very suspicious so total openness might be better. Do worry that, rather than being equidistant from excavation and survey, I might end up ingratiating myself with both camps. Felt guilty about this, two-faced.

Love the way in which we all can't help falling into these little stereo-types. Sue for example, when giving responsibilities out - tool manager to male student {Angus} and lunch preparation to female student {Ceri} on basis that he had worked as a store manager and she in a B&B (according to CV's). Despite wine and crisps/nuts provided by Sue there was a slight divide between 'senior' and 'junior' in terms of talk. Achieved status as the 1st years, with little or no digging experience, as opposed to the 'others' is one way to envisage this. Reinforced on several occasions by Sue's reference to 1st years coming to Leskernick before doing the Institute of Archaeology training dig (at Bignor). Some students also seem to have been given pre-dig responsibilities, e.g. tall, handsome male student {Dan!} who has been sorting out accommodation. Much talk of logistics fuelled by natural concerns, but also realisation that time will be short at Leskernick.

Sue had to go off to sort out an exam problem once formal talk was finished. Spoke to Mike about photos. Leskernick elevation of huts. Tried to get composite picture, but as he said "even I'm having trouble placing them in relation to other things". Concerned with problem of orientation. Note Sue's comment on Chris T and the orienteering compass. Spoilt his fun he said, but she thought that he just wasn't used to using it. Hint at a sort of 'archaeo-habitus': tools become natural to use. Indeed, there is a pride amongst the archaeologists and Helen referred to excavation as a "craft". Eric spoke of the archaeologist as expert recorder and in conversation with student {Gary} he made claim that archaeologist related to human sciences but not necessarily as an interpreter. A kind of 'leave it to the historians' attitude. Similarly the



senior diggers made a show of passing finds, photos and plans around. Look at them and discuss them together, but generally in terms of the practicalities of 'achieving' the data as opposed to any significance for understanding prehistory. Sue commented on the inadequacy of the illustrations included in Mercer's site report. Only time that prehistory was discussed was regarding dating of the site. Round houses in the Bronze Age, but as someone pointed out the evidence for houses in Neolithic is sparse. Sue said that British prehistory was significantly different to Continent therefore we could be fairly certain. Discussed what Chris T and Barbara would do if turned out not to be a Bronze Age site!

Students left shortly after Sue's return. They're doing their exams tomorrow. Strange to think that some of them may have been at school or in a job a year ago, but now they're in their lecturers office enjoying a glass of wine. Wonder if any of them find it difficult to adjust to this collapse of formalities at moments in higher education institutions. On the other hand even when this happens distinctions often reasserted. Informality of sharing a drink is juxtaposed by Sue signalling seniority when she takes charge of organisation or excuses herself to deal with exam problems.

Regarding archaeology as a craft, also important to take into account that it's a badly paid or even voluntary job. One student {Dan} told me that this is seldom understood by the general public. Elaborated on this by mentioning that once, whilst working on a forest clearance programme, he saw the volunteers in conclave. They were asked what the problem was and they said that it was unfair that the 'paid' supervisors got the pick of the firewood (what sort of people volunteer on environmental projects and have open fires?). When it was pointed out to them that, actually, the supervisors were unpaid everything changed. "And they let us have a piece of their cake!"

There was a certain amount of suspicion about the presence of three "project sociologists". Mike in particular (actually Mike only as he tends to inspire the others to express their doubts) said "what are you going to do?" Emphasis on "do" very pronounced. Tried to explain as best I could that object of study was archaeology not individual people and personalities, but that their own information was the route to this understanding of archaeology. How was archaeology made? In retrospect this couldn't have gone down well with the seniors who already know what archaeology is and again I'm reminded of Charles Brigg's critique of invention of tradition thesis.

Mike in particular seems to have no sense of perspective when it comes to archaeology (he has no sociological imagination). For instance, when I was critical of stereotyping of excavation as small scale and insular versus the expansive survey (adding that "where I did my fieldwork the experience of many women in purdah was enclosed and restricted. So why shouldn't the excavation experience give us some insight into Bronze Age life?") he reacted with barely suppressed fury, simply denying repeatedly that archaeologists had a restricted view point. He cultivates an air of the practical man - dealing with 'evidence' almost compulsively and carting around an ancient rucksack. Even his Hi-Tech squash trainers fit in with this 'practical but not ostentatious' aura (anyway that the way I feel about my pair of Hi-Tech trainers!). He also loves being the centre of attention. Witness the way he retrieved and held aloft "the only find from the site" (a rubber stone).

Eric, a student in his third year "with a lot of experience" according to Sue will take over from Chris G after two weeks at Leskernick. A lot of joking talk about leaving dig in good condition for Eric to take over. My comment re. archaeologists loving these sorts of jokes and apocryphal tales of excavation cock-ups went down like



a lead balloon! Eric spoke of the beauty of a well cleaned section and the plans and photos of this. This had to be done if cross site comparisons could take place he said and so wasn't merely for show. Any man who wears light grey M&S style shoes clearly doesn't give a shit about self image! {I thought of that as a complement!}

Helen on the other hand had a very stylish pair of trainers and vaguely dishevelled but fashionable clothes that were either more expensive than they looked or carefully sought out and looked after. Struck me as quiet but friendly. Asserted very strongly that archaeology is a craft.

Chris G said virtually nothing throughout but promised that he would loosen-up after a drink or two (in response to Sue saying that she said a lot when drunk but doubted whether anything she said at these times was useful). He didn't seem to be drinking very much though. Neat and tidy. He struck me as the odd one out amongst the supervisors. Once the undergraduates had left Sue seemed to become slightly self-deprecatory. Also said repeatedly that she was pleased that someone else was there (me!) who straddled the groups. I said that that was OK, but if anything by the end of the project I probably wouldn't be talking to Chris T and Barbara! Sue defended Chris T by saying that he was quick to jump to conclusions but generally recognised serious error [...].

Photography. Why are the archaeologists so anxious to sort out whose in charge of this?

Mike repeatedly complained that he didn't want to be used as a taxi service. Fairly uncharitable attitude. Sue commented on liking friends with cars and cameras so that she could borrow them. {Very tongue in cheek I think.} I commented on Hockney's photomontage technique in relation to the Leskernick elevations. When I suggested that they could do a similar thing he said "yes, but Hockney is an artist". Implying that he was both talented (comment on camera angles) and had artistic licence (that archaeologist doesn't).

Suppressed feeling of excitement about the excavation, but a total lack of comment on the survey, art and sociological content of the project. Sue spoke repeatedly of divisions between these aspects of the project being 'firmed up'. I felt that there was no sense in which this project is viewed by the excavators as an opportunity to do something different. Indeed, in their comments on the duty that they owe to other archaeologists, institutions and "future generations", if they turned this into something unique then they would have failed because it would be impossible to compare data. Although not a listed monument, Sue said that English Heritage would have a person on site some of the time to monitor activity.

Thursday 8th May 1997

I remembered whilst reading today a couple of other incidents at Sue's meeting. One was her comment that no one ever got anywhere in academia by being subtle. I just overheard this and don't know in what context she was speaking. Perhaps she was talking about how some people place themselves on a pedestal as 'ubermensch' - self proclamation of their own ability to see through and rise above the dross.

The other thing was Mike pulling a battered copy of Bourdieu's 'Outline of a Theory of Practice' out of his rucksack. Eric joked that it was his coffee mug mat.. It had become battered so quickly they said. Mike described it as 'codswallop' or some such non-profane term of abuse. "Unintelligible," he said. Didn't say why he thought it was rubbish. Why did he have a copy? He commented that it could be used as a door stop. Mike the bricoleur finding use for worn out theory!



Sue gave a potted history of the project. 1st year very few people and almost, she said, was like an antiquarian project (they used their own money). 2nd year British Academy funding began and so did the project's "professionalisation".

Spoke briefly to Tony on the phone this evening. He saw no immediate problems with the questionnaire.

Thursday 15th May 1997

Contradictions:

The 'Inscribers' need the knowledge that the 'Excavators' work brings about. The Inscribers work is founded on this - not just on the 'facts' themselves, but upon the excavation practice itself. Its 'comparability' makes it acceptable by academic institutions. The Excavators may disparage the interpretations Inscribers, but their own rejection of the 'flights of fancy' is itself an interpretation of their 'data'.

Sunday 25th May 1997

I'd rather be sleeping, but would feel guilty if this diary didn't continue on the first morning in Cornwall. Sloughing off tiredness after talking with Tony and Helen until after 1 p.m. last night.

Saturday 24th May 1997

Pleased to see Tony at East Grinstead station. Enjoyed the journey down. Coincidence of our both having Hula Hoops and cheese and ham sandwiches reminds me of the possibility that we're clones! Traffic, streams of holidaying families, slowed us down and we arrived at Altarnun at 3.45 p.m. to find Barbara waiting. Cheerily embraced and stood smoking, talking of exams, appointments to the Anthropology Dept., and academic gossip (why certain people don't get on these days). Eagerly picking up on 'insider' knowledge. Onto the moor when Chris T no showed. Found his car at the end of the track. 1st fuck up. Minor tension when Chris T and Tony met and both denied responsibility. Later in the caravan Chris T semi-apologised to Tony, but don't think it was exactly an admission of guilt! Could tell that this wasn't how Tony wanted to begin.

Do you want to know what I thought of the moor? After 7 hours driving down parallel lines it seemed impossibly huge. A sky that could collapse onto me at any second. Thank goodness for the few clouds that give some sort of perspective. Especially when we got into the 'bowl' where the rocks of the Tor ahead dipped below the horizon and the view of the country behind simultaneously disappeared. We could have got lost here because there was nothing to see. Difficult to walk across this bumpy grass. I thought, "don't fall over. Don't seem like you're not meant to be here". Walked at a respectful distance behind Barbara and Tony, but then felt really foolish (why?) and tried to catch up. People in the distance could be Sue and Chris T. "Is that Jeremy?" Who's Jeremy? He is this skilled 'non-archaeologist' who plans the houses. Later Barbara or Sue, I forget which, commented on how difficult it was as outside examiner to assess his Ph.D. given that it contained no theory, just lots of drawings of houses on Dartmoor.

They get closer. No, it's Mike. Man of action with claw hammer swinging from his jacket. Sue carries an empty wine bottle and Chris T the tripod. Who gave these out to carry? Sue maybe? She needs to get to the train station to pick up someone. She strides off the moor with Mike. Barbara and Chris T talk and walk together. Tony and I bring up the rear, Unnerved by this encounter and both a bit self-consciously chatting



about the landscape in a fairly non-committal way (except about the windmills churning up the air in the distance). Abruptly Chris T and Barbara pull up. They (Chris T actually) shows us the disappearing Tor effect that we noted on the way onto the moor. Is this the Rough Tor effect? I rather like the fact that we didn't get to see much of the site. Just enough to satisfy. There is more to be revealed tomorrow.

Sunday

The walls of this caravan are paper thin. Tony's alarm clock woke me up. Thought that it had gone off about a foot from my ear. Momentarily disorientated. Awake now after writing a bit. Can hear Helen stirring next door. Get up and make a cup of tea? Yes, but I miss Harriet and wish that I could make her a cup to. Mundane things emphasise separation.

Saturday

This campsite is very homely. The sunshine makes it more so. It's a shame that the caravan is so new, chintzy and tidy. I'm terrified that we'll wreck it (and be told off! Like to leave good impressions- fuck knows why because they didn't bring my bedding last night. Thank God Sue had some spare. I'd have frozen because the temperature dropped dramatically last night. Do I normally walk around a dewy field at night in flip flops?)

Sunday

Now I get up. One up, all up! Washing, eating and the fire make life seem better.

Saturday

Life at the camp site was very amiable yesterday during the evening especially. There was no repetition of the confrontation of last year. Helen who has moved into the same caravan as us said that she didn't know how that bad start had come about last year. Mike and Chris T are too similar I think. They tend to remain in the background listening before suddenly coming to the fore. This can be quite dramatic given their usual taciturn nature.

Can I leave certain observations out of this diary? Nothing dramatic just things that Tony might be recording or that might be covered by the survey and/or field notes. When can I write field notes? There's also the old problem of how much to write. For example I could have happily recorded (on tape) all of Chris D and Chris G's observations and conversation about the value of archaeology and been very happy. Not possible though {or desirable because generally I think taping is intrusive}. Chris D, "as someone who came late to archaeology", has faith that people do care about the past. Chris G doesn't dispute this, but he is left depressed by "archaeological trainspotting", the accumulation of facts for facts sake that are of interest only to the 2 or 3 specialists who work on that thing. What about the lonely botanist who obsesses over obscure Amazonian plants and who only years later provides the basis for a life saving drug, I asked? "Yes, but he is working with living artefacts not dead artefacts as archaeologists do. What is the use of archaeology?" says Chris G. "There is none," he maintains, except for the point that it could provide some sort of colour in peoples' lives. He's particularly upset that a site, Shinewater, that is unique because of its wet-site preservation is being neglected. Fatally so for the artefacts that it contains are decaying. Why can't they (council, English Heritage, etc.) see that they are missing an



opportunity, Chris G asks rhetorically. Chris D says that they have to be more commercial (the MacDonald's Shinewater Experience!) if they are going to get anywhere. Have hope he reassures the animated Chris G. Maybe the Lottery will help, but Chris G ruefully notes the fact that the Lottery won't give money to pay for the labour of digging and post-excavation "but they'll give money to dig up dinosaurs on the Isle of Wight". [...]

Both believe that there is an academic and excavator split. Based around the fact that the academic can work, they reckon, without the pressures of the 'real world' impinging whereas the diggers are battling with life amongst the developers and bureaucracy. Especially the latter. Chris G resents being ordered to spend time excavating and writing up trivial sites at the behest of "the man from English Heritage". But then he says that he has recently paid £180 of his own money for a radiocarbon date from an American laboratory. In the USA they've gone the whole commercial way but in the UK the set up is not geared towards these sorts of demands. This action seems to show a commitment beyond what he professes in his disaffection. He feels that he is mired in a world of pointless watching briefs ("where you find nothing") and that "the big picture" is being neglected. On the other hand he also reckons that this big picture is more or less complete. All that remains is to fill in a few details. Everything conspires to make him fear that only the trivia is left. "Would I honestly say to a 16 year old who asked me about archaeology that this is a career worth doing?" he asks. The heart seems to say yes, but the head, aware of the dole queue, £55 part-time diggers "who wait in Brighton for a unit to call and then have to arrange their own accommodation", screams no. Chris G is in a word alienated. He happily admits that this research excavation is a relief from these cares. But he says nothing about Leskernick or the projects motivations and methodologies. He is on a busman's holiday. The men from the Field Unit banter happily about Mike's looks and Chris D's memories of bananas during the war are particularly hilarious.

I'm aware now that what went on on the sofa side of the caravan largely passed me by so on this I shall have to remain silent.

After everyone left Helen and I washed up. She knows Guy Kestevan from previous excavations and it's good to talk about people I once knew and to here that others loved their company. Guy makes an impression on everyone he meets. She notes his macho vulnerability - work and cry at the same time. I was pleased that they seemed to like the survey. Helen says that the survey is about identity and because that's political I might get some unexpected responses. Talked about subjectivity and the origin of identities. Tony giggles that I'm a Durkheimian. "Too right," I say because I'm concerned that this shouldn't become an exercise in pseudo-psychology. On that rather portentous note I'll end.

Sunday 25th May 1997

We rush to get ready but then wait in Tony's car for Lesley and Stuart, two 1st year students from the Institute of Archaeology. They've been a little further behind in their breakfast! The sun shines but there's still a light chill in the air. What will it be like on the moor? Windier someone says and at the last moment I grab my jacket, but by the time we've assembled at Westmoorgate I'm feeling hot. I didn't want to be sweating when we finally got to Leskernick. I wanted to be calm, focused on what I see and hear, not fretting because of over heating. It's best to walk slowly and let yourself get into a rhythm as you walk. Assured not stumbling so you can look up and not down.



No point in having a Rough Tor effect if you're looking at your feet. (Did Bronze Age people wear shoes? Could they feel where they were going?)

The jeep passes to the right. Packed and secured by Mike it doesn't appear to have any trouble or lose any tools as it goes across country (no track to follow). Would there have been tracks criss-crossing the moor I wandered out loud to Barbara (thought of Hyland's description of the North Purbeck heath in the 18th century). Does the land, previous peoples' use of the land, guide you as you approach the site? It does, but then perspectives can trick you. The sea of grass (Tony's phrase) especially left me grasping for a landmark. Here is not the Rough Tor effect. That comes later. Chris T prepares us as we cross a boggy leet. "Enjoy the drama," he says. The occasional joke contrasts with his seriousness.

Soon found the stone row after a short search. Its small scale is rather charming I think. Talk of the terminal stones is of re-use and dismantling. Enjoyable to speculate about what happened to them. Their different 'deaths' in particular adds appropriate enigma. Do stones have personalities I wonder - Vishnu the Preserver laid reverently to rest, whilst Shiva the Destroyer is viciously hacked down, the rocks that supported the stone ripped apart. Then later the stone is again hacked by a person in search of a gate post. Why did they choose this stone?

The southern settlement seems easier on my eyes now that I've seen the whole site. The northern side has whole sheets of stone. Crouch down and the grass that separates the stones is obscured and only the stones remain. I'd love to see one of the 'fields' with all the turf removed, to see if the colours turned from the 'natural' green to a mass of grey crazy paving. Of all that we saw though the quoit was the most moving. Think of the people placing the stone on its supports in a line that connected them to the earth and stars. Awesome. Numinous place. To think that we almost didn't bother to walk up to the quoit before lunch. The weathered rock that hinted of the years that had passed since the quoit was created meant that this was one of those times in a world gone crazy for reproduction and replication that you could say that this is ancient. Excited I came down and babbled to Chris T about parallels in Nepal. He enjoyed the affirmation I thought of the shrine in every house. That the domestic and ritual aren't separated in some worlds. A product of archaeology's techno-rationalism, said Chris T. Maybe a product of Protestantism, maybe I said. Does a Jewish or Catholic family see the world in these stark terms?

Monday 16th May 1997

Sitting now watching the water boil in the big tea hut wondering where everyone else is. Aren't they coming for tea? Amazing given all the fuss about times there is a lack of precision when it comes to stopping for a break. Today some have not even come over to join the group to eat, preferring to remain at their individual sites. Fair enough given the distance that you need to come either from above or to the side.

Voices and the sound of a shovel drift along the side of the hill. I turn around expecting to see someone. There's no one there.

Sunday

Tony fills out part of his questionnaire over lunch. Looking down I see part of what looks like a kinship diagram. Joke with him about this and Chris D says "he's probably plotting where we're all sitting". Chris D is right! I'll leave it to Tony to



describe this sort of thing. Chris G sorts out health and safety forms. Necessary bureaucracy and discipline I guess.

Stuart works with Mike and I deturfing the house to the north-west of the tea hut. Despite the inevitable blister this is an agreeable experience. Stu is a bit left out of the chat between Mike and I. Mike opened by saying "I hear that you dug with XY [...]. If you've got any stories about him being a bastard I'd love to hear them". Turned out that XY had been very pompous and dismissive of Mike when he had had to deal with him professionally. I was happy to oblige because XY was one of the least pleasant people I've had to work for. Mike observed that in a more relaxed setting XY had been much nicer. Maybe this is the case, but why this should be so is difficult to fathom. Goffmanesque explanation is that people behave differently in various settings, I suppose.

#### Monday

Mike and Stu just came over for tea. Still no sign of anyone else and now they've gone. Rather self consciously I close my diary as Mike asked if he could analyse my writing! He'd read a book about graphology once, but said he didn't really believe in it. Apparently I'm intellectual with a slight lying streak! Maybe!! Talked about writing (using a nice fountain pen and shorthand). He'd taught himself to touch type several years ago, but didn't pick up much speed when he tried the same with shorthand. Also taught himself modern Greek and we compared his Greek script to my Dev Nagari. Mentioned that he had seen Ash's and Sue's diaries and now Henry's. Thought Henry's was a bit "brown nosy". Rather aggrieved not to have seen Chris T and Barbara's. Why wasn't he shown these I wonder? It is worrying that the diaries have been used in this way. Mike also thought that post-writing, editing or writing totally in retrospect was a mistake because of lost spontaneity. I said that I would expect not to cut out bits about others, but might get rid of the more pretentious and embarrassing stuff about myself. Wouldn't want to appear to be a wanky poet! "But if that's what you are," said Mike, "should you try and hide this". Occurs to me that the above comments by me could be an example of my "slight lying streak"!

Must get a better hat or something because the sun is burning me terribly despite lots of lotion.

#### Sunday

"Why did you move from archaeology to such a dubious subject," asked Mike. "Well I'm interested in human beings really, not just any particular subject," I replied. I've done the rounds of history, archaeology and anthropology. I like to be eclectic and see what each has to say. He asked where I'd been to do fieldwork and thought that I was lucky to have been to Nepal. "And I suppose you got a grant for that you lucky bugger!"

Came to a bit of a hiatus on Mike's site so walked over to join Chris G digging with Chris D and Lesley. First thing that Lesley says is "are you an Arsenal supporter?" Turns out that the lads have been giving her a hard time for this. She give Chris G gip back for his die hard support of Nottingham Forest. Lesley thought it good that I supported my home team. Lesley hadn't got on well with the turf cutting and so was very happily trowelling away. Chris D methodically cutting turf. Here the chat was lighter, more self deprecatory.

No one totally sure of a finishing time but settle on 5 p.m. Stowed the tools making sure at Sue's insistence that they were hidden on the upslope 'in'-side of the



stones so that people on the 'far side' couldn't see them. Mike gave me the level to carry after I volunteered. "It's OK to carry," I said. "It won't be after a while. Feel free to drop it if you like!" said Mike. He and Sue commented on how crap the level was. Sue said that it couldn't be left though because of the moisture which would be sure to damage it. Eventually Tony threaded it crosswise through the straps of my rucksack and we set off. Soon straggled out with Sue and Mike ahead, Lesley at the rear struggling because of asthma, and Chris G, Helen, Justin and Chris D to the left of us. Quite difficult to find a crossing point at the boggy leet. Two moieties looked for their own ways across.

Had heroic fantasies as I strode along behind everyone else. Looking at my shadow with my arm outstretched holding the level's tripod in place I thought about being a traveller in prehistory, a smith or something like that. Got my gear in my back pack (maybe they used tump lines in the Bronze Age, who knows) and a big hammer or something. Just been to Leskernick and now off to somewhere else. You can turn your shadow into any one you like.

Monday

Don't know who I'll be today.

Sunday

Drive back to the site via the Spar in Camelford to pick up some food for breakfast. Decided to eat in the holiday camp cafe. Deserve a treat after the first day's digging. Unfortunately Helen got back before us and Tony and I had both the keys. She didn't seem too pissed off and Chris D was in the same boat so they'd kept each other company. The water pressure goes down when everyone is back in the evening, but a cold shower was very enjoyable all the same.

Monday

Later that day I reread the part of Henry's diary that was given out by Sue yesterday. Doesn't seem like much brown nosing to me. Some opinions are obviously quite deeply entrenched.

Tuesday 27th May 1997

The entries for the previous days entries have been scattered and in retrospect I find the ordering of entries very confusing. I started today's entry as Monday for example. {I think this reflected my own confusion at the time. By Wednesday I'd got into a much better rhythm and so had the diary entries.}

Sunday

Ate with Tony in the site restaurant. Then in bar where we chatted about possible ways of doing his work. Suggested observation of movement and interaction on site from the fixed locations of the trenches. Played pool with Stu and Lesley. 3-0 to the site sociologists! Lesley speaks very effusively about previous encounters with archaeology, especially her interest in bones. She even has a donkey buried in her garden! Her partner Carl had at one time dug up the bones of 500 French Napoleonic prisoners of war when a cemetery in Chatham was disturbed. Apparently only Carl and his father would do this and Lesley is appalled that the French authorities "wouldn't have anything to do with them". She also talks about how much she used to enjoy horse riding.



Stu had pointed at a postcard outside Spar saying that he lived there. Earlier Mike had commented on his relative lack of Cornish accent, but thought that he could be useful decoy to get Tony Blackman (Cornish Young Archaeology person) off everyone's backs, he being fond of his own 'county men'. Stu's got a really nice manner, placid and friendly, and reminds me a lot of my brother.

Sue comes over to our table to talk to us about arrangements for the working day. Previously she had been sitting with the archaeologists (Justin, Chris D, Chris G and Mike) over by the bar. Said hello (Sue giving out bit of Henry's diary) and were surprised to see us not having realised that we'd been there.

Monday 26th May 1997

Too exhausted to shower when I came home and also knew I'd be cooking for Tony and Helen (Lesley was interested in the idea of a curry, but without meat said that she'd give it a miss. After eating Helen went off to the bar. Tony and I sat down to discuss work (esp. how to write-up) and share bits of diary. Interrupted first by Sue who came to relay some info (and to enquire after Chris G and Mike they apparently being a bit frosty towards each other at the minute over division of labourers on site I think). Sue added a few observations about archaeology regarding it being for some a total commitment to a "lifestyle" where work and non-work bleed into each other so that they are indivisible. Also emphasised again that excavation was a craft. Stu was also present by this time and we read our diaries to each other with him present. He commented very little on this.

After Stu left Helen returned and we talked until about 1.30 a.m. about archaeology. Notion of craft tradition in particular excited us all and we speculated that like a craftsman (or craftswoman, said Helen correcting herself) the ability to create something that re-creates an archetypal form could be empowering in a totally different way to the 'artistic' style of innovative creation. This is only a sketch of this conversation, but we went on to compare this 'craftiness' to the idea of habitus, the structure that constrains but which also allows for interaction and relationships in the first place. I think that I should follow up some of these, at present hastily formed, ideas because this seems to be a way in which the site supervisors and Sue at least see their own work. I think, and stated, that perhaps Chris T 'knew' Bourdieu's work but did not 'understand it' because if he did then he would show greater patience with the excavators and what they are doing. Not exactly empathise with them (this being a bit of a dodgy concept), but at least see that whilst the excavation might be wrong for them that did not mean that it is wrong full stop. It is simply different, which raised for me (i.e. not stated to Tony and Helen) the question of whether cultural relativism is the key criteria for being an anthropologist!

Spoke of finding things being a possible cause of enthusiasm for archaeology (witness Lesley et al. excited upon Sue finding a piece of 'pottery'). Also a key element in the popular imagination regarding archaeology. Mike, however, was much more circumspect and having analysed the find (already placed in a finds bag and labelled as pottery by Sue) with both touch and eye (aided by hand lens) he snapped it in half and everyone had to agree that it was a stone. Possibly burnt and not from Leskernick therefore still a find said Mike. Sue had asked why men are into betting after Chris G had bet her that it wasn't pottery. Competitive characters she thought, but some women also gamble noted Helen.

Helen denied that finding stuff was really ever important to her. What really got her excited were processes of analysis in excavation, stratigraphic matrices for



example. After explaining to Tony what a Harris Matrix was ("God! I've not thought about matrices for years," said I) and why needed, we used this as a way of adding to our discussion on excavation as a craft. The processes of excavation do change, e.g. the Wheeler type 'vertical' approach to the 'horizontal' excavation that the matrix was designed to facilitate. {The craft does change (as all crafts have), but how does this influence our understanding of the relationship between data and interpretation.} I think that we are dealing with metaphors here and I can see that the excavation:craft/archetype idea could be stretched beyond the bounds of usefulness when we look more closely into these matters. Upon realising that the conversation was beginning to circle back into itself and that it was much later than we thought I hit the sack exhausted.

Earlier in the day I mentioned the circulation of diaries and their restriction to Sue after Mike's comments. She said that the aspiration was for all diaries to be freely circulated and hers had been written with this in mind. She could understand that given the nature of Chris T and Barbara's diaries this wasn't feasible and their decision should be respected. Earlier I'd commented to Tony that I'd never read a novel where I was one of the characters! I have a delicious anxiety about eventually getting to see how others view events and my involvement in them.

Walking onto site with Stu I asked him what he thought of the site. Reminded him of rock pools by the beach, especially hopping from one to the other. The next day I remarked to Helen and Gary (who arrived last night as did Ceri) that the moss and lichen looked like coral clinging to the rock and I remembered and told them about Stu's comment.

I was too tired and worried to imagine that I was any one heroic today!

Tuesday 27th May 1997

Tony is leaving today so go up to site with Helen and Ceri in Chris D's car. Took a wrong turn and ended up in an industrial estate bordered by a primary school and some German Democratic Republic style flats. Even Sue had taken this wrong turn a few times said Helen. Chris G had handed us some brushes to take up onto site but we forgot them and so they remained in the car all day. Only realised once we got onto site. I walked up with Ceri. Pointed out a few landmarks (Brown Willy and the 'proto' Rough Tor effect). Didn't want to say anything about features closer to the site as I thought that this might be disrespectful to Sue who had promised Ceri a site tour. Ceri by the way had collected our lunch money with what seemed like a little bit of uncertainty. Rather farcically she came over this morning to make her own and my sandwiches no one else having subscribed to the lunch deal. Ceri was sent on by Chris G towards Mike's site. I thought about going with her to show her the way, but decided not to because I thought it was quite fun to find your own way around the hill upon first arriving. I hope she enjoyed this to!

I spent the digging day with Helen and Gary in the cairn trench trowelling and brushing it clean for a photo prior to planning. Difficult fiddly work, especially at the end in the last half hour when we rushed to complete the job. Found at the end that I had a sunburnt back where my shirt had got rucked up. Despite the fairly overcast day the power of the sun is awesome (not the heat and burn of yesterday though).

Spoke about fairly trivial things, for example our shared taste for Radio Four. Gary is a fanatic especially for the Archers. Later Helen said that her own taste was derived from middle class parents whereas Gary's was from middle class friends. She enjoyed her own incongruous liking of Radio Four given her age. Thought that with a



taxing task like this only a whimsical conversation could keep you going. Also the camaraderie of the trench. I remembered at this point a previous comment from Helen about the military tropes through which excavation is organised. Also spoke of and shared our thoughts on the characters of our parents and grandparents and the ways in which we are and aren't like them ourselves.

At lunch (tea breaks having been taken at the trench it being too far to go to hut 28 to take a break) proposed to the diggers a meeting to discuss the 'sociology'. Got into the 'what do Chris T and Barbara want' conversation again. Rather rashly I claimed that this project shouldn't be seen as representative of anthropology. After all they have emphasised the 'non-typicality' of the archaeological side of the project. "Are Chris T and Barbara anthropologists or archaeologists?" I wondered out loud. "They're novelists," said Mike, which everyone present, me included, seemed to think was rather amusing. "What's the point of the sociological survey?" asked Mike. "To find out why you're interested in archaeology and why you're here," I replied. "Why are you interested in sociology and why are you here?" he asked. I said that this could be an anthropological project given that the project formed its own 'small-scale society', but that in my opinion this was only a facile comparison. It is properly called sociology because everyone there is differently and intimately to the wider world of the modern UK. Why I'm there prompted me to also guff on about career, nice to dig and nice to be in Cornwall. All a bit bull-shitty, but I was thinking on my feet.

Back at home ate the remains of yesterday's curry with Helen and chatted about life. Struck by how one is able to talk in fairly open detail about 'existential' matters on excavations even though you hardly know a person. Part of what makes the whole thing both good and bad. Two hours after starting to write this diary (Helen having gone to see Mike and Sue) I have come to and end.

Shortly after writing that Mike knocked on the door and came in for a cup of tea. We talked about Helen's notion of archaeology as a craft. Mike was a little reticent about this and said that he preferred to think of it as an art - an act of creation using the medium of excavation. These ideas are we agree, if nothing else, good to think with. Also spoke of the idea of creating a photo montage of the trenches and both Mike and Helen seemed keen on this. Some criticism from Mike of last years art projects. An idea with some merits that needs further thought is, I think, a fair summary of what he said.

Wednesday 28th May 1997

Tough getting up and eventually after a silent drive, walked onto site with Ceri in a bit of a daze. She remarked on how long the site tour with Sue took (from lunch to tea). Her reaction to the site was couched in broad terms. It's grand but clearly it's difficult to articulate a more detailed response at this stage because she's only been on site for a short length of time.

Helen's site is being planned by Justin today so Gary and she are working with Chris G. Apart from lunch where we all join together, we (Mike, Ceri, Stu, and I) see little of the rest. Lunch was fun with Sue and Mike teasing each other with a banana skin (guess you had to be there!) Does seem to be a good sense of camaraderie here. Lunch isn't so much fun for Lesley who is feeling a little ill with tooth ache and has to cart all the gear up onto the site. She wonders if we could move our breaks over to a place closer/equidistant from all three sites. Stu also has a hard time getting the tea made because of the very windy conditions today. It's sunny but the wind keeps things chilly and blows dust into our faces as we work (tough for Ceri especially with her



contact lenses). Everyone wears as many pieces of clothing as they can and that looks a little weird with the sun beating down. The sea metaphor gains another facet when, looking at Mike's site, you see the 'tide line' that separates the above-turf from the below-turf parts of the stones. Grey above and pinkish below with moss and lichen adding to the line as the tide of turf retreats. Mike is a rather successful King Canute it seems because in this little square at least the sea is retreating. He's rather suspicious, however, of this metaphor! When Helen said last night that she thought that the air sometimes smells of the sea he said that for him it smelt of the moor. On the subject of smells I was really struck today as I reached Westmoorgate by the leaden smell of the farmer's car (he was parked with the engine running as the gate was shut).

Stu, who confessed to normally rising rather later than he's been doing over the past few days, said that the day had gone so quickly. Same for me and I suppose that I'm getting used to this physical work, the early rising and the late nights. Stu had been quiet today and Sue said that she was a little worried about him. She'd joined him at lunch because he was sitting on his own. I don't think that she has to worry. He's just getting used to a total change of scenery and pace. He and Ceri are quite animated when they talk about their primitive technology residential course at the Institute of Archaeology. Mike chips in with a few comments about the licentious aspects of this course, the pairing up of students for example. Joke about the possibilities of making condoms using primitive technology!

Lesley feeling lousy berates Stu for his lack of speed in leaving the hill. She wants to get home. It's good after a days digging to just sit still, smoke a cigarette and know that if you want to you can shower away the dust and the grit. Looking in the mirror I see that my face is streaked with grey and I wonder what the folks in Camelford Spar made of us as we stocked up on chocolate and postcards.

Sue popped by and after talking about her trip to the examiners meeting tomorrow (she has to wash her hair to look smart and thanks goodness for her foresight in arranging the first day off for Saturday) she asks how the day was. Fine, I say, and add it's fun in an understated sort of way in Mike's trench. All the sites have their own character she thinks and says that it would be wrong to describe the site (even without the presence of the surveyors) as a unified entity.

Finished the day with a trip to the pub, the Rising Sun on the way to Altarnun, with Chris G, Mike, Chris D, and Justin. As Sue said, a lads night out. Later transpired that Gary and Helen had walked into Camelford to try to find us thinking, as I had when we got into the car that that's where we were going. Not bad country pub without many frills. The Cornish landlady and her Aussie husband obviously lavished most of their attention on the beer and food. They've obviously got their priorities right!

Apart from the usual sort of joking and chat about the day and the beer (and Chris G's amazing eating habits) the part of the conversation that most sticks in my mind was about marriage with the optimists on one side (marriage is a good thing and it could happen to almost anyone - Chris D and me) and the pessimists (dubious of its merits and unlikely to happen - the rest). When we got back I had to find Helen. to get the key because I'd forgotten mine. Just managed to write a letter to Harriet who'd sounded a bit down on the phone before I feel fast asleep.

Thursday 29th May 1997

At last I was able to get up and have a leisurely breakfast. On reflection it's better to have an extra 15 minutes in bed and then rush around. All I did was sit



around in a daze. Once again Gary is disappointed by the absence of the pasty wagon in Camelford. Meat pies are beginning to become something of an obsession amongst the excavators!

Mike was taking Sue to the train station and then running errands like buying a ladder to help with photographs and doing some photocopying for me. Up on site only Helen and Justin were separated from the rest of the group, but I also left for about an hour whilst I took some general site photos and then shot a whole reel of film using a zoom lens at Mike's hut. Looking forward to playing around with this little photo project. I'm hoping that it might be accessible to the diggers (and surveyors) on site. Saw a stoat or a weasel running along not far from here whilst taking the shots, but it ran off before I could get it on film.

Back with Chris G's people it was officially a day for moving things along - soil especially. People seem to work with a steady purpose here. Noticeable how quickly everyone has got into the swing of excavation and asking Chris G for advice. Ceri and Lesley seem to ask less often for a hand, but Chris G keeps everything within his site {sic. A slip of the pen! I meant to say 'sight'.} and likes to keep everyone involved in something that is worthwhile. As a result I think he's achieved quite a lot today and the site has been transformed. All over the trench the soil has gone from grey to chestnut or even orange as they hit a layer with a lot of ironpan. Maybe the striking change in colours has given even the least experienced diggers the confidence to work hence their steady progress. Even Lesley who is still feeling quite ill, is much more subdued than usual and who has little excavation experience is getting stuck in. Although neither she nor Ceri volunteered when Helen asked for help in digging the cairn feature. Stu eventually went. X commented that Stu was not as motivated as the others, but I disagreed saying that he was interested, but it was the level of interest of a fairly normal person rather than that of the fanatic. I also added that normal probably weren't suited to archaeology.

The tea breaks have moved more or less permanently to the individual trench locations although Helen came over for a while, her trench being just about in sight from Chris G's. Through a kind of organic {Sue's 'word of the project' obviously got me by this point!} decision making lunch also moved to Chris G's. No one told the Mikes though, Mike S-T having just returned with his ladder. As a result we both wandered over the site to hut 28 only to have to wander all the way back again. Only Stu seems to do this journey more often as he tends to forget to bring things over. Whilst going with Mike towards his trench before lunch he stopped to look at the central feature of Helen's cairn. The conversation had an interesting structure. Helen asserted that the feature was a robber pit, which Mike thought was too hasty a decision. They swapped evidence examining the section and discovering the possible relationship between different stones and soil areas. The overall impression I get is of a kind of thesis, antithesis, moving towards a synthesis with the overall purpose, apart from sorting out these complex relationships in the soil, to establish a degree of peer affirmation of decisions. Sue seems in this context to be more of a senior supervisor than a site director. She admitted as much herself yesterday when she said that those who thought the process of excavation was rigid and authoritarian on the basis of experience at Leskernick should perhaps see life on other digs (funnily enough she mentioned XY [...] {mentioned by Mike a few days previously}, who was in my mind also, if they wanted to experience dictatorship! Not to say that all is egalitarian. It is a peer group equality and consultation between supervisor and student tends to be on the basis of asking for confirmation of physical characteristics of soil alone, as opposed



to the more all encompassing talk between the supervisors which uses the medium of stratigraphy and contexts to tie everything together. Kind of 'local' versus 'global' referencing.

Why have I started to overestimate the height at which the sites are located? Especially Mike's and hut 28. Note that Stu and myself couldn't find our way back from Mike's to Chris G's! We did a massive circular detour by accident.

Walked off site with Stu and talked about the Elephant Man he having seen a documentary about this a few days ago. Also asked him if he knew the other Institute of Archaeology students that are working here prior to arriving. They're all acquaintances, even good acquaintances, but not exactly described as friends prior to the beginning of the project. Once they knew that they'd all be together here then they made more of an effort to get to know each other. We'd left Mike on site planning at about 5.30 p.m. (my watch being a little ahead of his which I was assured showed the precisely correct time). Arranged for him to meet all the other diggers at the Rising Sun.

It was lovely to have everyone there chatting and laughing about musicians they love, films that make us weep and the buzz of performance. Aided no doubt by a beer or two. I was feeling exceptionally happy even to the extent that whilst discussing life and study in the Institute of Archaeology and Dept of Anthropology with Helen and Gary I went so far as to exclaim that I felt like I'd "come home to archaeology". Reminded me just then of what Stu had said that evening. Felt that had a much more friendly relationship with lecturers at the Institute of Archaeology because of sharing fieldwork with them. "I'm sitting in the pub with Sue and it's weird because she marks my essays". Stu doesn't think, on the basis of what friends from other departments say, that other students have similar relationship with their lecturers. Sue had told me that she'd worried about the Institute of Archaeology losing its friendliness when its intake increased several years ago (to which she owed her job there as she was recruited as first year tutor). She's pleased that it has retained this feeling.

Arrived back and immediately started rushing around to get the food ready for the nights meeting about the surveys. Felt exceptionally nervous. People arrived in dribs and drabs around 9.30 and most of the meeting went well. Received without objection if not exactly with enthusiasm. Everyone except Mike came in and sat down. He stood in the open doorway with his eyes shut throughout the entire meeting. He appeared and professed to being very tired, but contributed fully to the conversation when he felt that something had to be stated. I learnt that in previous years completing a diary was optional but was now compulsory. I said that this didn't strike me as being an ethically sound practice. Mike said that it was as integral a part of the project as the excavation and just as no one would dream of refusing to dig so should diary writing be viewed in the same way. Any problems that cropped up during the course of our discussion do not seem to be centred on my work as such, which is a relief. In fact Mike also stated that just as they would all strive to excavate to the best of their ability, so if my sociological work was carried out in the same way then all would be fine. This is reassuring, but at the same time massive suspicion of Chris T and Barbara still exists. At one point I stated that this appeared to be the case and Chris D agreed that "as someone who joined the project without knowing much about it" he felt a strong sense of division amongst the participants. I suggested that this might be the result of "tension between" people involved in the project. This was the first point at which Mike interjected (note that the chronological development of this conversation is slightly mixed up in this diary). He stated in very strong terms that this was not the



case. Any disagreement was solely the fault of Chris T and Barbara who had treated the entire excavation part of the project with contempt. It was pointed out by Chris G that without the excavation component of the project funding from the British Academy would not be forthcoming. The implication of this is that Barbara and Chris T are exploiting the excavation and by extension the excavators to further their own agenda. (Have to check up on funding with Sue.) This was also vigorously asserted with regard to the diaries. Again the fact that they were not circulated to all the participants suggests that they will not form part of the site archive. For whom are the diaries being written and how are they being used was a question that was asked. Chris G thought on the basis of "Mr Broughton's diary" that they were being edited and manipulated to prove a point by Chris T and Barbara. The same went for the art work produced as part of the project. Mike said that it was of very inferior quality and totally derivative of Andy Goldsworthy. My suggestion that we organise a set of photomontages by the excavators was met with some enthusiasm by the students. Chris G and Mike, however, stated quite unequivocally that no museum or other institution would accept an archive containing this sort of material. Later, Helen said that wasn't so sure of this and emphasised the importance of Barbara and Chris T's names in getting things done. "What will happen to them then?" asked a student. Mike said that "they will be put at the bottom of Chris T's wardrobe until he's a very old man at which point they will be thrown away".

Rather bizarrely Mike caught and ate a moth at one point during the evening.

Meeting broke up at about 11 p.m. as people went to get last orders and listen to the totally kitsch disco (holidaying kids loved it though). Spoke to Helen and Gary who reassured me as I drowned my sorrows in Murphy's that the meeting hadn't been that bad. I suppose in the cold light (and wind) of Bodmin that they're right. What is still depressing (even more so then) is that the rift that exists between some of the supervisors and the survey staff is total and can never {in my opinion} be repaired. Some of this is due to matters of personality, but ultimately I think that this is irrelevant to any sociological understanding of the events on this hill. Psychology is only a white noise masking the signal that I'm trying to pick up. Sometimes the reception is particularly bad!

I felt sick, physically nauseous, after the meeting. Why? Because it's uncomfortable to arrive and be a part of a project that has obvious problems? I never felt like this in Nepal, but there I'd also in to observe a project that is flawed. Either I didn't notice this at the time, clearly not the case as my field notes show, or I was distanced from the antagonism and anxiety that was a factor in RCTV's existence. Of course I was distanced. The colour of my skin and the return ticket in my pocket meant that I could and did wave good-bye. Here that's not possible. I'm sick with worry for the future that I'll be part of. The imminent future (when Barbara and Chris T arrive) and the distant future (my career). I'm only slightly cheered by the fact that I could write an interesting paper critiquing ethnographic practice on the basis of comparing these two bouts of fieldwork. I slept fitfully and woke in the middle of the night and very early next morning.

Friday 30th May 1997

The next morning and all the nights events seem like a recent bad dream. Precise narratives are at first difficult to remember and only a few powerful images remain: Mike framed in the doorway, Helen looking reassuring as I stumbled through



an answer to a problem that I didn't understand, Chris D's bemusement as he tried to find words that didn't commit him to either agree or disagree with either side.

The rhythm of life takes over. Stop to shop in Camelford. Gary's pasty wagon is still late! I bought a newspaper to loose myself in and was extremely pleased that a tractor and lorry had held up our progress along the narrow lane to Westmoorgate. Work again on Chris G's site. I like it here. There's a good mix of professionalism and laughter. He busys himself sorting out context records and stops to explain the procedure to Ceri and Lesley who need to understand this for their fieldwork notebooks. He strikes me as a good and patient tutor. Lesley says, "he's a good teacher. I learnt more from him then than a whole day with XY [...]". Chris G adds that XY had once produced a report for him that he "virtually binned". Work produced without adequate observation.

We moved a lot of earth and stones. There is little to be seen though. Walked off site initially with Lesley talking about her interest in New Age practices. Apart from her business involvement she gives the impression of being absorbed in the mystery without necessarily taking her commitment to an extreme by getting into an institutionalised branch of the movement. For instance, she said that once at a car boot sale a pagan woman, seeing that she was wearing a pentangle of an initiated witch tried to rip it from her neck when Lesley told her that she wasn't a witch. That wasn't in the New Age/Pagan spirit of respect for others choices said Lesley. She chose the amulet because it seemed right to her and adds that sometimes personal preference is okay rather than following the precise rules.

Went off site from hut 28 via the lower 'path'. Lesley had insisted that the tea gear be stowed at this hut as Sue had requested. Much easier to cross the two boggy leets by this route if you stick to it quite strictly. As soon as you attempt to cut across the hill diagonally than this crossing becomes a little harder.

At the Rising Sun on the way home we (Ceri, Chris D, Gary and myself) talked about courses at the Institute of Archaeology and Chris D's imminent arrival. He's understandably a little apprehensive, but also very excited. Will he adjust to student life he wonders. Don't worry says everyone, we'll look after you. Later, whilst I was on the phone to Harriet, I heard Chris D in the other box telling his wife about this conversation. It's lovely, I think, that people can get on and help one another in this way. One point that Chris D raised was about the absence of a role for amateurs in archaeology in the present day. He spoke of looking at the landscape around where he lives and the gaps in the archaeology picture that resulted from lack of access to some areas or simply an absence of fieldwork. Surely there's a place for the interested amateur to help here he wondered. The Institute of Archaeology students weren't sure whether the sorts of fieldwork methods taught there really encouraged this sort of work or whether they equipped you for this kind of research. Chris D also spoke of collecting pottery on his allotment. Said he'd like to recruit the other allotment holders to do the same.

Ride home was a bit subdued, everyone being so tired, but I'm reminded now that we'd had an animated discussion about the origins of agriculture a few days previously. Amidst all the speculation about individual aspects of this which I can't clearly remember (except Chris D's talking about cereal cultivation and alcohol) one thing does linger which is how enthusiastically everyone chipped in. People seem to be excited by talking about the origins of things which seem quite fundamental to the world in which they live.



Helen went to do her laundry and I was happy to crash out reading the paper and watching a bit of TV. Sue came by to say 'hi' and find Helen to give her her wages and this was the only interruption before I went to bed just after midnight, having fallen asleep on the sofa whilst reading. Sue had asked about the Thursday meeting and I rather over dramatically said that it had veered between heaven and hell! Of course I then had to emphasise that in retrospect it had gone well but that at the time it had seemed pretty nerve wracking. The conversation hopped along and landed on the days events. Told of the stone moving and how funny and hard it had been. Not so hard for me on the periphery showing a spade here, pushing there. It was difficult to get enough people around the stones to make moving them easy. I think we need a rope to get more muscles pulling. At one point Justin and Gary collapsed in a heap and were caught in the act of falling by Lesley's camera. Why shouldn't the construction of these structures have been a laugh for those involved because their demolition certainly was. And, Sue added, surely more than a family would need to be mobilised to help. How would these people have been connected? What did the inhabitants of the structures give in return? Another stone observation. Those which are more easily moved by one person have been piled up beside the turf and spoil heaps (forming a neat division of substances, evidence of the archaeologists' dissection). When you struggle towards the pile, our own cairn, the temptation to throw the stone from some small distance away is almost overwhelming. You're relieved of the burden a split second earlier than otherwise, but also get the pleasure of the sound of impact and can watch where the stone eventually comes to rest. Of course it almost never settles where you would like it to and you have to pick the stone up and place it carefully in position. Trade off the sensory pleasures of stone collision for the extra work involved in retrieving and positioning the stone.

These thoughts led us to discuss the phenomenological aspects of the study. Might it not be the case that it is the excavators, immersed in the day-to-day labour in their 'houses', who form through their work an incidental connection between the past and present. The survey are also using various methodologies and media to create this connection, but, for whatever reason, they seem to me at this moment to be more conscious that it is towards this connection that their research effort is oriented. It's difficult to precisely say what I have in mind. That all who are involved in the project are phenomenologists it's just that some choose not to identify them as such? The excavators are producing a multiplicity of different forms of knowledge at a series of different levels. The surveyors, interestingly I think, have, according to Sue, begun to be more "professional" in their research methods. The possibility that phenomenological understanding or knowledge can only be produced as a by product of some other experience, be that scientific, artistic, or simply everyday activities should be considered. Isn't it after all slightly contradictory to formalise any attempt to obtain phenomenological knowledge. Doesn't it appear when you least expect it, out of the corner of your eye or when you linger a little longer than expected over a panorama? That's not what being is about, but that's when you seem to be conscious of being as something that isn't entirely emergent from yourself, as something that consists of a world beyond yourself as well.

I slowed considerably whilst writing that last section. It will I'm sure epitomise for me the most pretentious parts of this diary. You slow for a moment, you loose something when writing a diary. I've begun to want desperately to read other peoples' diaries. I'm terribly curious to find out what is being written about me. Also to compare my perspective on events with others'.



Saturday 31st May 1997

Let me roll a cigarette before beginning. What to record and what to leave out? Today being a day off I could happily skip a beat and take it up again tomorrow. But then you would hear how I woke up at God knows what time and couldn't find my watch. Lay in bed, eyes closed, semi conscious and could hear Helen start to wash up the remains of two days of dirty crockery. Took this as the cue to open my eyes, rub them to keep them open and push back the covers to cool my body down. Finished reading 'Orwell'. Tempted to begin again from the start. I wanted to eat breakfast before showering. Clean your teeth and shower to emerge totally refreshed. Gary had arrived with some mail for Helen and Sue. I guess that's what prompted Helen and I to write some cards bemoaning the fact that what you write on them is always banal. Pleasure of receiving them though never banal. My lips are sore and I should buy some cream to put on them. I hate the greasy feeling that you end up with though. Helen and Gary want to go into Camelford soon so I rush to get boots on and my film to be developed. Share some hay fever medicine with Helen. By late morning it's hot and sticky on the road into town. We normally miss this unpleasant humidity up on the moor. The freshly showered feeling soon seems long gone.

We stopped off at the museum to collect free leaflets and chat to the woman behind the counter. "How long are you staying?" she asks and it gives me a cheap buzz to say that actually we're here for a month excavating on the moor. No we're not just tourists, I think. We're more than just that. I let my ego have full rein whilst Gary and Helen tell her about our work at Leskernick. There were some other people here last year digging on the moor, she says. Yes, that was us, says Helen. Her son had dug with the Cornwall unit a few years back when the laying of a gas pipe line went through a Beaker burial. Flicking through the bookshelves I can find nothing about Leskernick, but there are some issues of a journal published by the Cornish Studies Dept of Exeter Uni. They look interesting with articles on 'the tourist gaze in Cornwall' and 'Cornish identity' predominating. Too expensive for me to buy. Finding Leskernick on the OS map on the wall with the tourist info woman. I'm surprised how isolated that small part of the moor looks, surrounded by the 'developed' world of roads and settlements. When a foreign tourist looking for a place to camp on the edge of the moor arrives, we leave. Stopping at the Indian Arts Centre we find that it's not a gallery, as I thought, more of a community arts centre. Self funding we're told by the woman who meets us at the top of the stairs, who encourages us to a rather eccentric sounding music night consisting of Renaissance lute music and South American dance music.

Drift through the town shopping and gazing through the occasional window before we end up in the garden of the Mason's Arms. Only our conversation about contract digging and Helen's assertion that the academic world pay so little attention to the results of countless assessments and rushed excavation reminds me as I write this entry that we're in Cornwall digging rather than enjoying a holiday. That's not true actually because we also compared our grazed knuckles and rubbed our sore fingers. Like old soldiers comparing wounds. Both left whilst I finished my second pint and for a moment when I left I was a little afraid that I'd have to walk home on my own, but soon saw Helen on the street corner waiting for Gary who was buying fruit. Apart from bananas and a packet of crisps it seems like too much of an effort to plan meals or buy groceries.



Walking back into town I can remember catching up with Helen and Gary (I always appear to be several paces behind where ever we walk) who were standing before a field gate looking at Brown Willy in the distance. It looks so close, they said and it truly does, but Leskernick is so much further away beyond our sight that it's obvious why we choose to skirt the moor by car and approach from the other side. From here the impression of the Tor as a mountainous island is even more pronounced. Urge to climb it is strong. I still wouldn't want to go unaccompanied, however, as to fall and break a leg and then lie there alone truly is the stuff of my nightmares.

Routine takes over the rest of the afternoon which is spent sorting out surveys and writing this diary. Great little swim in the pool once all the tourists have left although the three workers sitting watching my ungainly breast stroke makes me feel very self-conscious. I can see nothing without my glasses. Pre-optometrists I'd have been a cripple with no world beyond an arms length. What the hell did short sighted people do at Leskernick? Break their necks I'd expect.

Talking to Helen about mum's work with a girl with cerebral palsy and about how her world was touch. So much of what we do that is pleasurable involves artificially stimulating the senses {stunningly obvious comment!}. For most this involves sight and sound. Without either this little girl "dances with touch," said Helen. An individual experience and one that maybe no one other than Helen's mum can provide (won't let her go). Very different to the mass stimulation of the cinema, for example. Now I'm laughing to myself thinking of the Rough Tor effect as Bronze Age cinema!

Sue came by and we discussed the art aspects of the project. We all (Sue, Helen, Gary and myself) seem to me to be of the view that this is a valuable but under-utilised aspect of this project. Merely seeing it as an incidental extra merely dooms it to failure. Why can't local people, especially artists, be involved. Sue talked about archaeological graphics completely failing. Also how difficult it is to change this under pressure from editors, especially journal editors. Maybe that's why Chris T writes books because more freedom in this. Michael Shanks, she observes, has been experimenting with presentation of picture and other graphics.

Producing a piece of archaeological research is such a layered process. Almost like a factory production line with its division of labours. Who except the site director ever gets to see the whole? No wonder the 'craftsmen' excavator gets so frustrated. They are an anachronism in this scheme of work. To come back to the art for a moment, unbidden by me Sue confirmed that all the grant applications make explicit reference only to the excavation side of things, but it is phrased in such a way that leeway for the survey and art is legitimate, i.e. talk of looking at scales of association between elements within the landscape (or something along those lines). Gary and I left Sue to discuss Helen's research with her. We went to Lesley's van where we watched the football, England versus Poland, on Channel 5 with Chris G and Chris D. A nervous, abusive and funny time, eating pizza and hurling insults at the truly awful commentator (for example: "England are well on their way to the World Cup in France and will be walking down their boulevard of dreams"). The jingoism of the broadcast is embarrassing. Chris G says that he'd rather listen to the radio than go through that experience again.

Sunday 1st June 1997

Have come down off the moor feeling exhausted. I tried to keep up with Gary's pace, but eventually had to concede defeat especially as hay fever started to bite. By



Westmoorgate my nose was streaming and eyes itched like crazy. Cool water was blessed relief. Now calmer and cooler I'm trying to remember the events of the day, trying to feel again the excitement that I experienced walking around the site to the north of Mike's site.

Started the day with Chris G, but the wind was terrible blowing the loose sand from trowelling into my face. Made my way round to the other side of the hill to join Mike and Gary moving stone at the earliest opportunity. Did a little cleaning of 'my' corner whilst they levelled in the points on Mike's plan. Some incredulity at times at the shift in height from point to point. After tea break when I went back to Chris G's I chatted with Sue about the differences between the organisation of the Institute of Archaeology and the Anthropology Dept. I went back to shift stone. Our rather amateurish efforts just to push some larger stones of the site reminds us that the Leskernick people must have been very skilled, patient, persistent to create their structures.

After lunch we went on a site tour. I suppose that much of what was said about developing interpretations will be logged in the site diaries. (Just remembered now previous comments of Sue and Helen about past excavators and antiquarians keeping similar diaries. The project is rediscovering as well as inventing new research practices.) The tour focused almost exclusively on what has been done in the last week and what might be discovered in the coming week. Reference to the wider landscape and settlement is kept to a minimum. For those who have not worked on all of the sites I'm sure the tour is illuminating.

After we'd cleaned the stones Mike commented that the structure looked increasingly like a terraced construction. After he said this I stood and looked again from the site down into the valley. What immediately struck me was that the outer wall formed the far edge of what might be termed a secondary terrace. From the trench the relatively stone free grass below looks quite flat but this is an illusion because from the wall up the gradient is quite steep. It's steeper still once one crosses the wall and move into the clutter littered terrain below. From there the structure must have looked quite impressive, rearing up out of the hill side. Following the wall around it is clear that it forms a very distinct boundary between the altered world of structures within and what to my eye looks like a natural spread of stones below and outside. I'll try to explore there tomorrow to see if my impression is correct.

The wall goes round in a series of curves with occasional gaps at the junction of the curves {?}. I looked to see if structures like Mike's stood above these outer terraces and they did. Strangely the order that was apparent on the ground was not discernible as clearly from the map that Mike had in his folder. As one walks north the wall becomes increasingly jumbled and I think that there is no obvious terminal. I did this walk before lunch. Mike listened patiently to my speculation and passed little comment either at the time or during the site tour.

In the afternoon I wasn't going back to Chris G's for tea although Lesley had to go to sort things out. Strangely Stu has not returned from his day off. Sue tried to decide whether to be stern or more gentle when she chided him for this. I needed to pee so I took the opportunity to look again at my discovery of the morning. I'd noticed that the quoit was visible from the inside of the wall boundary, but disappeared from view once you stepped outside, although in a few places this general effect was not apparent and I wanted to look again at this. Also to see if there were any structures connected to the wall. A couple of rambles were sitting up on the quoit and they appeared very prominent. When they started to descend towards me I decided against



a piss for the time being! They met me close to the northern end of the wall and asked me if I knew how to get up "that thing" pointing towards Brown Willy. I don't, but pointed out a path to the far side of the stream. They headed off and totally ignored the path preferring to ascend via a route that looked relatively unused. At a discrete distance I decided to relieve myself only remembering at the last moment to stand with my back to the wind!

I sketched opposite in the original diary a little of what I think I saw as I walked this part of the hill. In particular the view of the quoit is possible from almost everywhere on the wall, but is blocked in one section by a very large stone that appears to have been turned to be out of alignment with the outcrop of rock on which it rests {the 'Mini Tor'}. I was amazed to find that here a very obvious structure has been built into the wall. Can this be coincidence? Walking up the hill you meet a band of imposing natural stones almost like a cliff face. Above this approaching the quoit there is again a relatively clear area with (and here there may be an element of wishful thinking) many more 'quoits' scattered near the summit. I'm left with the feeling that this part of the site is highly structured - zoned almost. I'm trying to encourage the others to have a look with me tomorrow. Also do a sort of blind test by taking Barbara and Chris T on a tour, showing them these things and seeing if they've spotted and seen things in the way that I have.

I remember that during the site tour as we went towards Mike's site I saw two walkers wearing Tee-shirts and shorts picking their way through the clitter below us. First I thought that they must be cold and then secondly I became suspicious because they were going towards the other side of the hill. My gear, camera etc., was stowed over there and I thought how easy it would be for someone to come up there and take something without you knowing a thing. It turned out that it was Wayne with a friend and they joined us eventually at Mike's. So I felt a little foolish and realised how proprietorial I've started to feel towards this hill. The bond of trust between the excavators is rock solid, but if anyone else strays here then immediately you look up to track their movements. I think part of this is how you tend to see people for the first time either far away in the distance or close up when they suddenly appear from behind a rock. There is no middle distance.

Shortly after we arrive back at Juliot's Well, Jane (Justin's mother) and two relatives (Justin's sister and boyfriend or brother and girlfriend?) appeared. They said 'hi' as Sue showed them around the caravans and spent most of the rest of the time with the Sussex people, who they know well. That evening I went to do a follow-up interview with Lesley in her caravan. Ceri and Gary were present but remained at a discrete distance, conversationally at least, seldom interrupting. Lesley was very helpful and relaxed. She's a self confessed chataholic and added a lot of detail to the original survey. I'm really pissed off that my Dictaphone is broken because we chatted for an hour and I couldn't get more than the bones of what she said down. I should add, however, that she was pretty open about things and you have to ask if this would be the case with a tape recorder whirring in the background.

Stuart arrived midway through and sheepishly asked if he'd been missed and was Sue angry. Turned out that he'd had a skinful with his cousin on Saturday night and was too hungover to make it back early Sunday. He went to see Sue who wasn't too rough according to Stu, but when she sent him to apologise to Mike he escaped his wrath because Mike was in the shower at the time! Even so he stayed in his room all night and didn't come to the bar, something that Lesley put down to over indulgence and embarrassment. In the bar Lesley thrashed me at pool whilst all the others, minus



Stu and Helen, sat with Jane and her relatives. Those who weren't too familiar with them might have felt a little left out as the conversation inevitably revolved around their mutual acquaintances and past association. Mike was feeling unwell and not drinking. Everyone insists that this is due to some food allergy that remains undiagnosed. Two drink buying moieties formed.

Monday 2nd June 1997

Woke earlier than usual and drifted back into a dreamy and unsettled sleep. Felt anxious when I awoke again. The weather looks unsettled and deciding to wear more water tight boots is a good idea as it begins to drizzle almost as soon as we reach the top of the hill. I walk over to Mike's via the summit this time. there do appear to be 'quoits' up here, but maybe my eye wanting rather than my brain thinking. I had another opportunity to go exploring after tea break whilst I waited for Helen and Gary to level in her plan prior to lifting a layer of stones from the cairn. Walked down to look at the huts below and circled around into the clutter below Mike's site. What is apparent is that this isn't totally random, natural arrangement of stone. Walls extended down the slope and there maybe other sorts of structures within this area. There certainly are as you get into the area beyond the boggy belt that falls down towards the valley bottom. Looking back at yesterdays zone idea it appears to hold true, but the 'character' of each area when viewed from another zone appears to be different to that 'character' experienced from within. The order that you see close-up may be invisible from a distance or even reversed, appearing as disorder as changing perspective disorients and fools the eye.

At both Helen and Mike's sites we're moving carefully not wishing to disturb the archaeological/occupation layers when we get to them. Things are a little different with Chris G who, having plunged and scrapped a little deeper is trying hard to find any archaeology at all. The rain comes down hard at tea break forcing us all to put our waterproofs on. Should we pack-up? Sue walks from trench to trench getting towards Mike where the final decision will be made. It starts to ease off raining but the wind is hard and cold finding anything damp and chilling it further. It's a relief at lunch to hear Chris G and Sue decide to pack-up. Within minutes we're moving downhill and towards a drink in the Rising Sun. Chris G, who arrives a little later with Stu and Lesley, tells us that Sue upon reaching Mike's changed her mind and turned back to recall us only to see us receding into the distance. It's no great loss, one afternoon, considering we've 3 and a half weeks digging left. It would of course be different he reckons if there was less than 2 weeks to go.

Stopped in Camelford for some shopping and picked up the photos that I took of Mike's site. They seem to work well but even better when I take them to Ceri, Lesley, Gary and Stu's. Gary very systematically lays them out on the floor and does the fitting together whilst the others, especially Ceri, helps. The final look of the montage is quite impressive. Both Lesley and Ceri get their cameras out (Lesley a Pentax SLR and Ceri a compact) and we discussed ways of building on the idea. Then did the follow-up interview with Stu who, getting to the final questions about the site and project in general, suggests that he can write these answers into his diary. This seems to make good sense as some of the ground will obviously have been already in their writing and it'll give more time for them to consider their answers and do justice to all the ideas that they have.

Everyone is going back up to the Rising Sun, but at the time I'm not really in the mood and am feeling a bit skint. So I just do some paper work and phone Harriet.



But by 9.45 p.m. the caravan seems a bit empty and lonely. I'm not sure whose on site. Went to see Sue but seeing a light in Mike's caravan stopped by. He's immersed in paperwork correlating contexts with plans and sorting the whole out in the site diary as was Helen earlier. Sue's also working in her caravan and we're the only people from the project here. Mike hopes to go to the pub later and test his constitution against the Guinness, but instead he's sorting out matrices and finally at 10.45 we end up fetching Sue and drinking Mike's Laphroig in his caravan. It really is excellent whiskey and Mike says that he won't touch inferior blends. He also relaxes whilst he works by listening to classical music, which contrasts quite a lot in its ordered intricacies with his feverish cross referencing of data. Later, Helen comments that Mike has to work hard to deal with the meticulous details that he finds within his site, details with which others may compromise and in so doing ease their burden.

Tuesday 3rd June 1997

After a windy and rainy night made to seem worse by the flimsy roof of the caravan we wake up to better weather than expected. Even so we set off a little later than usual, Mike, Sue and Chris G having met and decided that we can work after all. Helen is not summoned to Mike and Chris G's caravan for this discussion which Chris D told her about after the event and she seems a little put out by this. Chris D worries that he may have upset the apple cart a bit by telling us about this meeting. On the way to site he comes out with a classic line: "This is the first time I've not been digging where I am!"

Cloud shadows the site in a uniform grey, a stark contrast to the sharp shadows thrown by the clouds on sunnier days. As we approach the site crunching along in our water proofs I discussed the functionalist bug-bear with Chris D. Toing and froing our different walking speeds 'naturally' divide us into different companions each day. Why don't the faster walkers slow their pace to walk with us?

Did the follow-up interview with Chris D tonight. Real pleasure to hear a little more about his life. Philosophy of work and how he balanced this with family life I related to. Spot on priorities. Again went into functionalism and aside from the general discussion one thing that crops up, directly related to work here, is how the purely 'utilitarian' (a word which by mutual consent is better suited to what we're trying to express) decisions such as how to organise excavation around planning or how to accommodate the workforce to the work that needs to be done, have concomitant effects with regard to how we've knitted as a group. After the chasing back and forth between the pub and site tonight the division of keys between people and people and between cars also influences with whom you're able to get on with. Funnily enough Chris D thought when Mike mentioned hiring a van that he'd get a minibus so we'd all go onto site together, but he hired a small two-seater van instead. This was obviously a practical decision because you can get tools in the back more easily and the van was probably cheaper. Even so, any one who has to travel with Sue and Mike in the back of the van will probably have an uncomfortable ride.

Lesley and Stu have obviously got to the end of their tether with making the tea because today there were no meths burners so no tea. A bit of a pissar on a cold day like this. I don't know exactly why but we're down in hut 28 again for tea breaks. Maybe the weather or the fairly equal division of people between Chris G and Mike's sites (except Jane planning the cairn) has got something to do with this. It's too cold at lunch so to warm up I suggest to Stu that we go over to Mike's so he can take some photos. At tea I'd also done the hand shots at Sue's suggestion, except Mike who



wasn't there because he was still on site working - got his hand fairly candidly at lunch break, pen in hand writing into his site diary). Stu seemed to get into the photo thing and ended up doing a 360 degree sweep which should look great when it's fitted together to form a complete panorama.

During the afternoon Gary and myself trowel back again and again trying to resolve some of the stratigraphic problems in our corner of the site. Discussed this with Mike and it transpires that we may be able to sort out this problem if we detect whether the higher stones are lying on clasts or if the infilling soil is transhumant. Mike reckons that the presence of phytoliths will indicate whether this is the case or not. Either way, despite the appearance of charcoal inclusions in the matrix he doesn't think that this context is anthropogenetic. This being the case I removed many of the larger stones with gusto and think that this might not have been the correct thing to do given Mike's reaction when he surveys the results of my handy work. At tea break as the weather improved I enjoyed a delicious snooze in hut 28. By the end of the day the sun is shining and the pub beckons.

After the follow-up interview with Chris D I dropped a copy of the survey off for Mike because he said that he hadn't received one on last Thursday night. Sue jokes that I'll have been pretty successful if I've got this completed by the end of the excavation. I can see why because Mike is so terribly busy as he explains to me in no uncertain terms when he emerges from the shower to put his feet up. He points out that I should notice how he works through tea breaks and lunch and in the evenings. Later sitting in the bar Mike has to excuse himself to return home to carry on working. I feel really sorry for Mike as he seems to find his work a terrible burden.

Stu and Lesley have returned home on their way to Bignor and the bar seems emptier without them. The pool table is barren! Spoke to Sue and Chris D about routes onto site and making journeys. How do you visualise the world about you or find your way in the world without maps? Chris D comments on the emphasis people place on how they get from A to B and often neglect to ask about what you did upon arrival. Sue mentions the different ways in which you can define the limits of your home. Asks if the world of Leskernick is a world of concentric circles that appears to be self contained. Approaching the site by car, parking and walking onto site tends to create a sense of crossing a boundary into another world. It's a world, says Sue, that she'll be sad to leave. But her life here makes up, she says, for the stresses and strains of having to organise the financing of the project and looking after all the tools.

I forgot to mention that Jane has been on holiday to Sicily before coming here. She visited some Greek temples whilst she was there and Mike on hearing this told us that he'd been to every Greek temple in the world with only one or two exceptions, having been taken to his first temple by his parents at the age of 8. He must just know everything that there is to know about Greek temples, but he didn't mention anything in particular about them, just that he'd been to see them all.

It's almost 1 o'clock and I should stop before I fall asleep pen in hand.

Wednesday 4th June 1997

To and from the site the journey is different depending on whose car you're in. Chris D listens to a little of the news on the radio then turns it off. Soon we're chatting away about nothing in particular. Coming back in Chris G's car the blues pumps out of the stereo and his driving raises the hair on the back of your neck! Difficult to talk to each other.



On site the overnight rain has made conditions in much of Chris G's trench unworkable despite Gary's bailing which means that despite the reduced numbers we're fairly evenly divided between the sites. Although the work with Mike is fairly monotonous trowelling it can still be pleasurable. Cutting a section is satisfying especially when the stones that have annoyed you come away from the baulk and eventually it's possible to see the soil previously hidden. Similarly the removal of other stones makes dragging your trowel back easier. Clearing the stones allows you to enjoy the more visceral pleasures that I've felt on other digs like the textures of the soil and the way you feel these differences as you dig. Previously the need to pick and prod soil from between stones made this difficult to feel. The soil down here is also different. Either light beige silt or nicely compacted iron pan. The blacker upper soil offers little pleasure because of the stone content and the topsoil smells of rotting grass.

For the first time I'm beginning to find my attention wandering and start to think about the arrival of the settlement surveyors with a bit of excitement. This is mingled with a bit of sadness to think of our close knit group splitting up. Everyone, including those who are leaving, is wondering how the 'new blood' will affect the dynamics of both the group and the project. Mike at one point says that hopes Chris T will "bottle it" and not bother to return to the site so that they can concentrate on "real archaeology". Mike does not explain under what circumstances that imagines Chris T would feel like packing in the project. Seems to be wishful thinking on Mike's part. Writing this I remember Helen mentioning that archaeology at Cambridge is a strange course. "They only have to do 2 weeks proper work and then that can be in a museum".

Jane finds a crystal and her enquiring about its significance prompts Sue and Mike to talk about last years crystal incident. What happened doesn't need to be reiterated here, but it does give Mike another opportunity to mention Chris T and the anthropologists' naiveté brought about by their ignorance of the area's geology. I don't know why but writing this prompted me to remember Helen, especially, talking about the history of the area and the apparent lack of interest within the project in the post-Bronze Age use of the land, in particular how the past may have affected practices in the 'present' of other ages. Gary expresses a feeling of awe when observing the continuation of use of prehistoric field boundaries up to the present day in Lands End, the subject of his dissertation.

Sue is digging with us again today after yesterday tidying the sections of Mike's site. She talks about the pleasure derived from this opportunity to dig. "We've got a good set of excavators," Sue thinks out loud. "A crack squad," says Mike, naming Chris G, CO, Jane and Sue. "What about Helen," asks Sue. Mike doesn't rate Helen as an excavator because in Mike's opinion Helen doesn't consider the process of excavation in a systematic way. Helen is too disorganised on site, says Mike, but reiterates that fond of Helen as a person. I find this attitude upsetting (but didn't show this to Mike in person because of my ethnographic personae {not wanting to rock the boat} and in retrospect this is one reason to hate fieldwork as it restricts you from saying what you necessarily want to). Especially considering the way in which Helen makes allowances for Mike describing his 'difficult' personality as part of what makes him a good digger. In fact Mike hints that thinks a good supervisor shouldn't have scruples that could cloud their judgement when employing people. Jane also talks of dislike of "lazy young men" on site (referred to a student from last year, Matt, always lying around having a fag when Jane turned round. The student also grassed up Mike



regarding the crystal find. Mike mentions that he wasn't on site when this Narrative/non Find was discovered. Funny how my job requires neutrality to preserve harmony to be well done (in my opinion), but Mike seems to see his job in almost obverse terms.

'Joust' with Mike trying to encourage him to fill in the survey. To a direct question he answers, "no I'm not going to be interviewed" and adds that any information that I elicit in normal conversation is fair game, but no formal questioning.

Our clearance cairn with large stone rolled off site and barrow run in between takes on a vaguely ritual appearance. A purely utilitarian set of aims with an unexpected result. Maybe the same thing happened in the Bronze Age. Mentioned to Mike how wonderful it is that things can develop a multiplicity of meanings from simple beginnings. He smiles indulgently, a wiser uncle humouring a precocious nephew. His face sparks into life, but he says nothing and laughing I shout at him "you're frustratingly like Chris T sometimes".

Happy to leave site though not really tired. The still weather and the cloudy sunshine makes me feel pleased to be here. Why spoil it working like a Trojan, getting hot and sweaty? I know why I decided not to become a field archaeologist now. Everything that Chris G, Helen and Mike say to me confirms those feelings.

Arriving at the Rising Sun the Aussie landlord greets us like regulars (we are regulars!). He's heard about our excavation from a friend near Westmoorgate. He asks where we're staying and how we get up to Leskernick. Sussex boys eat heartily with Sue and Mike clowning around (piling stuff up on her (!) and stealing her chips). He savours his pint of Guinness taunting the coke drinking Chris G. Although I arranged with Chris G to do the follow-up interview I was really more concerned to eat and wash. I had to apologise to him for having to send him away and when doing so he mentions that tomorrow he may have time because rain and thunder is forecast. That's good news, I say, because it'll give me time to catch up on paper work. Mike's reaction to this doesn't need to be commented on. Valuable digging time will be lost. I remember saying to Jane that we could do our interview prior to starting digging and Mike said, no you won't because this is digging time. I eventually did the follow-up interview with her during lunch and ran over by 20 minutes or so. No one realised at first that I was doing the follow-up interview with her. They thought that we were just chatting!

Thursday 5th June 1997

Everyone know that it's going to rain and rain hard. The air is damp, but it's not actually wet. Seconds after setting off the sky opens. At Westmoorgate we meet Chris G, Mike, and Sue. Conference car to car decides that we're to return to Camelford and to the cafe they visited last year on a rainy day. A little nostalgic piece of repetition. Chance to bring memories of mud back to the surface. I'm of course delighted to get the opportunity to do my part of the project with a certain degree of leisure (not to mention do my washing and unexpectedly see England dismantle the Australians on the first day of the Edgbaston test!) If I can be quite petty for the moment I'm particularly pleased to tell Mike when I meet him in the launderette that, in answer to his question, "no, people are not thinking about going back up to site". Yesterday in reply to my saying that we're all doing work that's integral to the project (note his comments last Thursday) he dismissed this as simply not the case. Excavation is paramount, he said. In reply to my mentioning that I thought that his attitude was arrogant attitude Helen defended him again.



Today's been productive. Two follow-up interviews with Ceri and Chris G and this diary is up to date. I'm looking forward to cooking everyone up a treat tonight. Last chance for us all to have a meal together before the project transforms entirely.

Helen, Gary and Ceri have been talking in great depth about the possible interpretations of the Leskernick material, tying the excavation to the survey. Not sure if the Sussex people talk in the same way (Chris D excepted, although he admits himself to be largely ignorant of the survey work). Never heard them talk about this, only about problems of excavating here. On excavation: why are we digging inside the houses? Yes, to get construction details, but one refrain that I've heard repeatedly is that we're not finding anything. Outdoors activity is maybe where the artefact action is. Mentioned this to Sue and she said, tapping a grounder, that yes it'd surely be good to sit on this natural seat. "Well, we'll just have to keep looking down rabbit holes," she sighs.

#### Afternoon

Really must read 'Tale of Two Cities' properly because the opening line is one that I hum to myself on occasion such as yesterday. The best and worst of times. Listening to and joining in with Sue and Helen's conversation about the cairn was good fun, but later I think that I should think more carefully before I speak at times. Then in the evening, what seemed like a truly desperate situation now is not so bad.

What do I remember? Should I try to record verbatim everything that relates to these events? What a stupid concept! Of course you select what seems to be relevant at the time - you can do no more (to record everything is an empiricist utopia/nightmare, like the 'Museum of Real Life' that Javier used to laugh about). And anyway in the site diaries and personal diaries info will be recorded. Despite my misgivings about this aspect of the project I breath a sigh of relief that the burden of representation isn't purely resting upon my shoulders. Let others speak of what they remember and feel to be important. I'll speak from my own memory.

I remember feeling increasingly nervous as the time to summon the men from 42 arrived. It was some relief that I could use the excuse of requesting they bring some plates over to our caravan. Why didn't they come earlier? We'd said 8.30. They're all (Sue, Chris G and Mike) wearing dark glasses. Unsettling. I've filled in a survey. Let them read it and ask questions. Thank goodness that Gary and Ceri have helped to cook. Wish Harriet would be there on Friday night to talk to. Second thoughts thank God Harriet wasn't there on Friday night because I could overload her with grief from the night to come.

Come on this is meant to be a fun evening. Break the ice with a comment on the awful night club add from the Cornwall tourist paper ("Pull a bird on every floor!"). They're still wearing the glasses. Take them off for God's sake!

"Why have you put your name as Michael?"

"Why do you want our names?"

"Why do you say that you want children?"

"Don't you feel guilty bringing children into the world?"

"We're not a society, just 25 individuals."

"You changed when you found out that we weren't all students."

"What will you have to show from your research?"

"The archaeologists will be able to display their results. What can you show?"

"How well do you know Barbara? Do you know her socially? Is she a friend?"



Those glasses are amazing. You see so little of someone's face when they're wearing them.

I have learned a lot about Mike, Chris G and Sue's role within the project tonight. Far too much to put down within this diary. Later I'll put down on paper everything that I've learned about them, but not now. Better to wait. Better to decide after some consideration what is important information. This will be difficult because so much of their behaviour, so many of their comments were revealing of the way they feel about archaeology and this project that I'm a bit overwhelmed by the data. I wish I'd had a video camera. Then I'd be able to more effectively analyse this encounter. But it's best to keep some things in mind alone. I don't want to commit these thoughts to paper. Best simply to rely on memory. And the fact that some things are hard to forget.

Friday 6th June 1997

A beautiful, wet and windy day in Tintagel with Helen, Ceri and Gary. I hope that I sleep better than I did last night.

Saturday 7th June 1997

The day when the project moves over into phase two. The surveyors and a new set of diggers arrive. Weather unfriendly in the extreme. No rain but wind covers the hill with noise that drowns out all words spoken in less than a yell. I want to work for Mike but he seems very preoccupied with locating and attempting to excavate features where he expects they exist. After arriving on site Helen asks if I can work for her. Politely enquire of Mike and he says "I suppose so if she's got more important things for you to do. Ask the site director". Sue was getting ready for a days digging nearby. She's taken to working most days with Mike doing things like section cutting, etc. I'm not sure why. The 'rational' explanation is that the lack of diggers on site at the moment means all hands are needed in the trenches. Maybe she's trying to move things along faster in his trench. My impression here is that the pace of excavation here is slower than Chris G's. I don't mean that either is necessarily the correct speed. Obviously choices are being made by each supervisor as how best to approach their jobs. Is either approach flexible enough to change speed as circumstances change? People have commented that Chris G is used to doing assessments so he 'naturally' gets in there and whacks things out. Chris G comments a few days later that Mike writes huge amounts in site diary. Helen also notes that this is the case. Chris G says that simply puts all information straight onto the context sheets whereas Mike seems in Chris G's opinion to use the site diary as stage one, subsequently transferring info onto the context sheets. This involves much grief, anguish and swearing on Mike's part (and intense concentration on the strength of what I saw a few days back). Chris G says, "I don't like the site diaries".

Comments from different days will flow into one another now as I'm a few days behind.

Chris G comments that some care has to be taken in the areas inside the hut as opposed to outside. Helen also seems to gauge the speed at which she excavates according to the degree of certainty that she feels about her designation of contexts. This involves discussions between herself, the other supervisors and Sue. Especially Sue now that they are able to assess things like variation in the structure of the cairn and how this may offer hints about the process of construction (ideas which will be expressed more eloquently and comprehensively than I am capable of in Helen's site diary). Mike also shows a slight change in speed of excavation when things are in the



process of being defined. A good example of this is the 'cobble' layer behind the hut. Does this extend further than the area that was discovered last year? Until we answer this through excavation we use the trowel to repeatedly clean the surface. Then we hope to see what is there more clearly and decide what to do. There are many things even prior to continuing excavation that have to be decided, such as assigning new contexts, planning and photography. This makes the process of excavation for the supervisors both time consuming and complex. All the supervisors bemoan this tedious labour. Thinking of my own supervising experience it's this more than anything which decided me against a field archaeology career. What's frustrating is that, as Mike has said (although not as explicitly as I state it now), it is the identification of questions that can be addressed through the data that excavation provides that is the source of the fascination that excavation hold over the people in the profession. Impatience sets in when you have to delay discovering any answers (and then the questions they lead to) because of necessity of recording. Of course also happens on the larger scale of site reports, both writing and reading. Want to get to the interpretation. I've discussed this issue of 'hypothesis' testing with Helen, but excavation is a slippery customer. At times it seems that a definite question exists and can be addressed through research. And then everything changes as the site is transformed and as you move from site to site. Helen says that in terms of excavation at least it is the need to constantly address (or at least bear in mind) the stratigraphic relationships that exist on the site that provides a consistent framework. {Also with excavation there is the knowledge that when you hit natural you've reached the end. People commented on this desire to get, quite literally, to the bottom of things and I wonder if this is because of the security that this act of closure provides. You at least know that nothing more can be asked of this or that trench in the field (don't say ever) and the dig is over.}

Making sure to finish what I'd been asked to do I left Mike and Sue at work. At the cairn Gary and Helen are trying to move stones and with a bit of brute force we do get one off of the trench although Chris G had to come over to help. On edge pushed along end over end the stones is incredibly unstable. It drops and I catch my leg underneath. It's off in a moment and there is little pain but the adrenaline starts to pump around my body and heart races. We really are rank amateurs compared to the people who moved these stones, witness the sheer volume of structures on these hills. Chris D wonders earlier, however, whether broken limbs blighted the life of many people on Leskernick. Helen thinks not as surely this would have been carefully considered and organised construction. Even so she's keen that any stone movers have the mobile phone nearby so they can summon help as soon as possible. Chris D tells me about how annoying, but useful these devices are. In the pub yesterday he says an 'urban' county get annoyed everybody by his pager going off and then talking loudly on the pay phone. On the other hand one time in the Lake District a walker near the them broke his ankle. Whilst Chris D went to summon help from the road another walker with a mobile phone called for help. The mountain rescue were there within 20 minutes.

We decide that one stone is too heavy to move and leave it until the next day.

Mike doesn't appear for tea, a.m. or p.m., and not for lunch either. Sue says that he's extremely frustrated today trying to excavate features with care, attempting to delineate the cut of something that then turns out to be a natural feature. Upon discovering this he then attacks the feature with gusto and much cursing. Apparently this is quite astonishing and a little scary to behold and some fear a continuation of this mood of frustration later in the day over the context sheets in the caravan.



Turns into a frustrating day for me also. The wind takes away any chance to enjoy the company of Helen and Gary and makes you hunched over the patch of ground that you've got to trowel. Stand up and not only are you buffeted by the wind but any warmth generated through work dissipates instantly. I'm trying to clean over some stones in one corner of the site and not doing a good job of it. I'm bored of this work, my mind is preoccupied and urban life seems attractive all of a sudden. I decide that I like roofs and central heating. Hate open sky and wind. Three times I go back over the same patch which is not much more than a metre square. Two disappointments come: Asking Helen if this was good she said that actually it's crap (back to the start for the first time) and even my find of 'pottery' turned out to be a piece of stone. Helen accuses me of being obsessed with finds.

Seeing the weather is as it is I don't expect Chris T or Barbara to come onto site. It would be good if they did though to break up the monotony of the day. No sign and by 5.30 I'm desperate to get off the hill. I've no energy and by the time we get back home I would say that for the first time since arriving I'm really exhausted. Partly this is brought on by some anxiety about Chris T, Barbara and Tony's arrival. After Thursday night the social equation here seems to be more than explosive enough for me. Added characters and complications and my contemplation of what might happen drains me mentally. Mind and body are both useless tonight. The contrast of course with the excitement of those who have arrived makes things seem worse.

A sign of change! Tony, who has been collected by Chris G, says that he commented almost straight away about me being given a tough time of it on Thursday night. Tony wants to know what happened and reluctantly and self consciously I give him an outline. Encouraged Helen and Gary to tell instead of me. Thank God they're here to help me out. They both think that Chris G feels that last Thursday was a bit over the top. That makes me feel much happier because I really like Chris G a lot and couldn't stand him leaving with such a lot of bad baggage about my project. I'm also anxious that I don't start to turn what happened into some self mythologising ego trip on my part. Stories tend to solidify, especially when relating to someone who wasn't there. Soon things become black and white, goodies versus baddies. In fact this is interesting because when it comes to digger/surveyor comments about each other they tend to go over the same incidents again and again (Narrative Find, tent, tea breaks, etc.) and they don't actually discuss so much as mantra-like repeat sound bites about each other. Mythology develops and people start to orientate themselves around this. It rains and they go to the cafe, they arrive and they start to erect the tent, etc.

Related to this is the question of how to act around Chris T and Barbara. Also what to tell them of the events of the past 2 weeks. Sue of course has said something because Barbara as soon as we meet asks how I'm feeling and has it been tough. I'd like to tell her everything if this was some totally neutral experiment, but it's not it's life that we're all living here and I want to tell her nothing. That's a totally contradictory and incoherent sentence I know, but it reflects how I felt at the time. Not surprisingly I come across as moody and upset (I am moody and upset!)

Meeting of all project members in the bar at about 8.30. We're dragging our feet and Sue comes to chivvy us along. Arrive to find a packed circle of people sitting around a table with Chris T, Sue and Barbara at its head. Tourists sit looking rather bemused nearby and music plays over the Chris D. When Sue starts to talk I feel, even at the back with Mike, totally self-conscious. Sue says that I'll stand up and tell everyone about my project! This is the first that I've heard of this and I'm angry that she didn't tell me this before hand instead of announcing that this was the case to



everyone and me simultaneously. For a start half the people present know only too well what I'm doing because it has been vigorously discussed with them already. secondly I should have the freedom to decide how I should make my own introductions. After all we had a formal meeting and introduction in Sue's office. I feel sick and have to leave to get some fresh air.

Returning say my halfpenny worth and then listen to Chris T's description of the project's sociological aims, which doesn't make me feel any better. He may say that it's not about naval gazing, but it seems like that from what he says! None of this is probably fair but that night if you'd told me I'd won the lottery I'd have told you to piss off. It's much easier of course at the 2nd half of the evening when people split into smaller groups and the lecture at the start is over. "Why do they have to address us like we're in a lecture theatre?" I asked Mike. "They're uttering pearls of wisdom and we should dutifully listen," he replies. By the end of the evening I'm quite enjoying myself (almost).

One other totally petty thing is getting used to having four people in the caravan instead of just Helen and me. Suddenly there's shaving foam in the bathroom and other people trying to use the stove, etc. Things'll settle down I'm sure, but to begin with I feel a bit thrown out of kilter. Why does Sue try to organise the caravans instead of just letting people decide for themselves. If people are fussy and don't want to live with diggers or students (as has been reported) then let them make their own arrangements.

Sunday 8th June 1997

A bloody awful start to the day. Trying to cope again with more people in the caravan than normal and sandwich making. Ask them to take the stuff over to their caravan because this makes logistical sense. There simply isn't enough room for 6 people in our caravan. Sue seems a bit put out that we've {I've!} decided to make this decision. "But I put the lunch making stuff here to facilitate boundary crossing!" she says. Rather cattily I reply that "We've moved it out to facilitate sandwich making and stopping us getting pissed off in the morning". Playing games has to stop somewhere and I note that people were being facilitated to cross our boundary and not that of other caravans. Quite frankly after previous attempts to invite people across boundaries to share meals I'm wary (and weary) of the whole thing. A thesis could be written about food alone on this site. Sue for instance maintains an absolute separation between her own diet and that of other people on site even to the extent that her utensils (Chinese bowls and chop sticks) are her own rather than using the ones provided by the camp site as the rest of us do. Food is a ritual which, far from being shared, is shrouded in its own personal eccentricities which for that reason cannot be shared.

On the way to the site the heavens open and after a brief lull we're drenched. I feel a little sorry for the new arrivals who are experiencing a very damp 3 hour site tour. Luckily we've decided to bring fence posts and Chris G's car jack onto site to try and shift some more stones in Helen's trench. Gary takes charge and later Helen says that she felt a bit redundant which is interesting because I find that's quite common when moving stones. In fact moving this stone was quite exhilarating as I was fully involved. Levering the stone up and seeing it move was good fun. Actually Helen may be on to the right thing when she says that an organised effort by a relatively small number of people may be one aspect of the cairn's construction. It's much better to



work together and as I learnt yesterday you're more likely to be hurt on the periphery than you are at the centre of effort.

After moving the stone in the pouring rain and tidying as best we can we go over to Chris G's trench where all, including Mike, are huddled in the shelter of a rock. There simply is nothing you can do in this weather. As Mike said, "my site's rained off".

Soon the new group come up the hill from the stone row and Cg gives them a clear and concise introduction to his site with Sue adding comments. One 'new' feature that has come out more clearly recently is the entrance way. A problem is that it appears to be obstructed by the adjacent hut. Chris G states that this appears to be incongruous. Not necessarily so though I thought given organisation of Tharu village (Manari in Nawalparasi) where the only entrance was in the narrow space between the 'backs' of two houses.

The rain has died down a little by the time they leave for the cairn and we can set to work carefully clearing some of the stones from outside of the wall of the unexcavated quadrant. Again it is a case of vigorously cleaning back and taking the removal of each stone on its merits. Activity provides warmth and after a few spots of rain the weather begins to improve. Bright showers of sunlight move across the landscape, negative of the 'usual' cloud shadows that run over the landscape. One approaches and Chris D and I stop to watch it arrive, then bask in its warmth as it washes over us. Later at lunch I watch these patches of light moving over the hill to the left of Brown Willy {Codda Tor}. A huge cinema screen upon which the rays of the sun are projected.

Almost by accident I think Tony and I become engrossed in conversation with Barbara, Sue and Chris T (with Wayne and Christel present and chipping in). Revolves around what Tony will be doing. Clearly there are a few problems defining what he can and cannot do as well as what he hopes to achieve. Ideas flow thick and fast, what is possible and not possible. Later Tony says that this was almost overwhelming with ideas suggested "on the hoof". There does seem to be some slight conflict between what Chris T and Barbara would like to be doing and what we aspire to do. In particular I'm concerned by the idea that we should study the group as a small artificial community.

By the time we get off the hill the weather is totally transformed. I'm dry and happy! Especially when we get to Chris D's car and hear the cricket score!!

Went to the Rising Sun for Chris G and Chris D's last night. Who is part of your round buying group depends upon whose car you arrive in. Get to speak to Eric properly for first time. Mainly about his studies and some archaeological stuff (researching the Iron Age and Gordon Childe). Back at the campsite phoned Harriet and heard all about her swimming course. She sounds exhausted and midway through the project I'm missing her terribly. In the bar played pool with Mike, Justin, Chris G and Chris D. Much to Mike's chagrin I played better than expected (better than I expected!) although I never claimed to be a crap player as he maintains. Showed people the hand photos. Mike exclaims "you utter shit" when he sees his candidly shot hands. It's quite the nicest thing that he's said to me because he's laughing as he says it. I enjoyed everyone's company very much not least because of the contrast in atmosphere (and my mood) between this night and some of those most recently.

Monday 9th June 1997



Went to take lunch money and surveys over to Faye and found that the students were having to move out of van 31. Management have reserved this for some other people and understandably they seem a bit pissed off about this. Turns out that we're all making our own lunch from what's provided, unlike the first weeks where we took it in turns to share the sandwich making. Seems to defeat the whole object of exercise so I retrieved my cash for the week from Faye. Reckon that it's not so much the sharing of food here that breaks down boundaries as the sharing of food making. Maybe just my initial impression, but Tony seems to be getting along with the new students a bit better than I am at present possibly because he arrived with them whereas I'm already enmeshed in a network of pre-established friends and colleagues.

Very misty on the moor and we have a terrific problem manoeuvring Eric's 4-wheel Cherokee jeep across to the site. Helen and Gary guide us to the barrow/gun emplacement, but the journey takes ages and once again we're soaking wet by arrival. Stupid not to wear wellingtons, I chide myself and asked Penny to make sure that I don't make the same mistake tomorrow.

As I sat in 28 to start writing the surveyors arrived and proceeded to put up the tent. Funny and the negative remarks that the diggers gave last year regarding the orientation. Since then I've been ensconced here writing. Feel that the day's not really begun having not been digging. Eric's invited me over to his trench. Time to go.

That day in Eric's trench I dug a soil pit about 75 by 50 cm so that he could see whether the stratigraphy is the same to the downhill side of the site. Naturally he's concerned to understand what is happening on his site as quickly and fully as possible. Soon, however, I run into problems as the turf is shallow and overlies a mass of small boulders. How can you possibly see so much as a sliver of a section when these rocks are in the way? Have to expand the size of the pit several times to hoik out some of the more obstructive stones. Eventually we can see enough to say that yes the soil is the same. But can there really be this mass of stones underlying the surface of the entire hill? Sue, who is spending the afternoon with Eric following his site tour is "a little worried" about the implications that this blanket of stones has in terms of the ways that they have understood the house construction and as a result their search for "negative features". How did they find space for post holes? Maybe this was a naturally secure footing for posts resting upon stones. Maybe they chose this spot because the large back stones had created a naturally stone free area by shielding the patch in front from the stones moving downhill. We speculate, but Eric calls a halt to this saying that the pit was dug to look at the soil profile and not to answer questions about house construction.

Put to work cleaning the outside of the house elevation up slope. I was joined by Sue who asked how things were going. In the course of our conversation I hoped to show that I was trying to be fair in my analysis of the situation and we discussed the role of the supervisors in the excavation. How each had their own circumstances which Sue was sure would effect the nature of their sites. As to any problems regarding the excavation and the survey she seems to be pleased the way things are going. She was a bit anxious about Christel's candid photography and the possibility that they could be published and reveal bad excavation practices, mentioning especially health and safety contravention. Is she really concerned about problems of health and safety? Clearly she is, but maybe she's voicing wider concerns through an oblique route (speculation!).

Tony asked me a question whilst he and Christel snapped away. Was this the first site that I'd dug on that didn't have a fence around it? I've never dug on a site with a fence around it! I was worried that maybe he was pursuing the excavation equals



constraint thesis a bit too far, but it turned out that Sue, when he asked her, had told him that Leskernick was the first non-fence site for her. Tony and I seem to be checking our facts in reverse!

Another slow journey in Eric's jeep across the moor. Even without the mist because of the curve of the hills visibility is restricted. Gary and Helen still had to walk ahead and check the path whilst I sat in the jeep with Eric watching the walkers catch us up and pass us by.

Spent early evening doing very little except phone Harriet, shower, eat with Tony. Helen and Gary swimming. The two have become inseparable friends in the past week. Eric said in the jeep as they walked ahead that "those two go well together". Discovered that an artist called David Kemp, whose work Gary told us about, is exhibiting an archaeology-based work near Land's End. All in our caravan are keen to go and I mention this to Barbara when I go to show her the montage and hand photos. Plus give survey to Barbara, Wayne and Penny. Barbara also enthusiastic but because she's busy we'll only be able to go in the last week of the excavation. Later with Sue and caravan people we talk this over. Maybe we'll have to go in separate groups, perhaps on a day when we're rained off site.

Apart from discussion of the photos, especially hands, we got, inevitably perhaps, onto the subject of diaries. Wayne, poor lad, was hoping for a quiet night in after a days surveying and 'heavy' chat with Chris T. Not that he doesn't like these discussions. It's just that they're exhausting. Has the role of the diaries in the project been thought through? Their purpose certainly has and I'm totally in agreement with Barbara that a lot of really fascinating information will come out of this about how different people engage with archaeological research over time. But they are emphatically not a neutral research tool. That their circulation is restricted to the "elite" (Barbara's word) give the impression that they are being written for the use of someone else. This goes against the spirit of diary writing as a highly personal practice. Notice that the students comply with the request to write diaries, but the supervisors have tended to circumvent the diary by various means (collective diary writing or simply not writing one). When I mentioned what I'd said to Stu about not giving his diary to me straight away, but reflecting on whether he wants to edit it first, Barbara looked fairly horrified. Impression I got was that the 'ideal' diary was seen as being a spontaneous product and that self censorship was to somehow taint the results. For me this gets right at the heart of my questions about anthropology fieldwork, questions about ethics and the practical value of anthropology's insistence that the informant give spontaneous, usually face-to-face, answers, whilst the anthropologist is in a privileged position of reflection and editorial control. The project and the issues it raises have to be seen in a wider context of a critique of anthropology if we are to understand what we are doing or else its the social scientific equivalent of creating Frankenstein's monster. I didn't enjoy my encounter with this monster last week and tried to understand and communicate why this might be so. {I was obviously feeling in quite a dramatic mood when I wrote this day's entry!} The art/science investigation discussion we had seemed to be a good way to communicate some of these anxieties. Barbara said that they had not really discussed the 'ethical' aspects of diary writing with the project participants very fully, certainly not with the excavation side. Why not? Also why have diaries been chosen as the means to understand the research process? I'm curious to discover why Chris T and Barbara have rejected (too strong a word possibly) the use of participant observation as the means to obtain the information they're interested in. Suppose I'm being employed to do that side of the work. As I said



to Penny it's a real luxury to have so many media through which to do research. Any one in isolation is totally inadequate, but together we should be able to do some good stuff.

In the bar for a quick pint. Gary, Christel, Chris T and Henry are chatting about museums and Dave Hooley's theories of stone clearance, which Chris T finds particularly amusing.

Tuesday 10th June 1997

Fairly depressing morning feeling bleary eyed and unenthusiastic about a day on the moor, especially as bad weather is forecast. At least I've been intelligent enough to put wellies on. Walking onto site with Eric, chatting we end up too far uphill and have to descend. Couldn't see anyone and then suddenly looking down instead of along the ridge there they were! I think I've got a dose of homesickness. Found a big rock above Helen's site to sit against. Relief to take off sweaty boots (I knew there was a reason to dislike these things). As a few spots of rain fall I descend to Wayne's tent. No sign of surveyors for sometime until Tony and Chris T arrive followed by others who have come via the alternative route.

Wayne joined me in the tent to give me survey. After going to bed he said he got into diary writing much against his expectations. Talked of external student research, pros and cons of living in west Dorset and the ignorance, not to say contempt, that most archaeologists ("field archaeologists" Wayne qualifies the statement) have for social theory or the political dimensions of their work. He mentions Atkins in relation to his ignoring some evidence that didn't fit into his theory of Stonehenge. I commented that in some ways archaeological practice which views such manipulation with horror is in some ways making a latent political statement, that everything and therefore everyone is important. [...Note what Stu says in his survey about his perception of archaeology's perceived egalitarianism.] Yes, says Wayne, but most archaeologists don't recognise that this might be the case and he gave the example of a heated interview/discussion with X at Y University during which X described an interest in archaeological and politics as "up its own arse".

Jumping ahead a little in time now to when we are back home and Helen and Gary have gone swimming (how do they find the energy?) Tony and I have quite a long discussion about the different parts of the project. Apart from the question of funding, which we must check into, we talked about how the survey and excavation were similar and/or different. I speak of this now because the arrival of the two groups on site might be seen as highlighting this difference. Excavators arrive at about 9.15 after starting off an hour earlier. Immediately they go to Chris G/Eric's site this being closest to Westmoorgate and are filtered off to other sites. Then they collect their tools and set to work having been given instructions by the trench supervisors. The survey team arrive between half and one hour later and make for hut 28, although they cluster around Wayne's tent. they share coffee and cigarettes and chat about the day ahead. Chris T and Barbara look over the previous days work for about 15 minutes before they split up and go about their jobs. Tony made the point that the survey is more relaxed, informal, involves much discussion and is a laugh. He says this to contrast it with the perceived seriousness of the excavation. There is space he says for negotiation although the general trend is for Barbara or Chris T to have the final say. You've got to experience it really, he says, asking if I intend to. I will in due course and won't comment to much further on the survey until then.



I'm spending time with the excavation where possible at the moment, quite consciously because I don't want to become estranged from them which I think could easily happen if I just dropped my trowel as soon as the survey people arrived. Also digging is tiring, but I have begun to enjoy it again after such a long lay off. Recognising this makes me think that the perceived differences between the excavation and survey are not so great as Tony believes. We talked this over and found a nice way of describing their methodologies in the broadest terms as a series of micro-interpretations framed within a broader interpretative set-up (a paradigm if you like). {So the way of working is the same even if the frameworks don't necessarily sit easily side by side.} For example, we think that the structures are roofed so we search for evidence of structural supports. Finding evidence of feature each is excavated to see if it's natural or man-made and if the latter to what part of the structure it relates to. Evidence from each of these series of mini-excavation events can then be fed back into the 'macro-event' to try to refine it for future use and reference. As a general statement of how the work is done I'm sure this could fit either the survey or excavation. In each case the same critical questions apply - on what basis are these interpretative decisions being made and who is making the decision. Fair enough but is there a difference between the two? Reserve comment on the survey, but the excavation is certainly not some dictatorial exercise with predetermined outcome.

It was fascinating today to work with Mike. To hear him describe his ideas about the features and area I dug and then try to resolve problem of what's happening by gently picking away at the soil. so much variation was packed into such a small space. Each sense came into play and in particular I loved the feel of each soil and the sound as my trowel moved over the different fills. In fact the 'feel' of the soil through the trowel was often a better guide for excavation than sight. Do you use all senses, asked Tony, and I'm sure that you do. Even smell - witness the pungent odour of the topsoil as you strip it away. Steve, one of the new student excavators, said that he didn't know that you could get such a good feel for the soil through a trowel! To reinforce the point that I made yesterday, as I took each fill off they had to be planned and this held up excavation a little, especially as Mike was busy helping Steve and Angus find their feet in the trench. Penny didn't need much supervision, unlike the rest of us, and she quietly scrapped away with her tiny trowel. She said to Steve that she found trowelling to be rather good exercise for her bad back which because of a rather nasty sounding operation tends to seize up after about 25 minutes walking.

Steve found several chunks of charcoal and a flint flake and proceeded at regular intervals to jump up and bag them. Angus often called Mike over to check his own progress and discuss the changing appearance of the place where he was working. So it's not a laugh a minute, but everyone there seems to be engrossed in their excavation in a very 'sensual' way as well as a mental way. And this is despite the lousy weather!

Tony and I also went over the old ground of the diaries again including many points from previous discussion. One thing that became clearer in my mind was that whilst we might see the diaries as a bit of an ethical problem they also present practical research problems. To solve the latter is to go some way to resolving the former. You wouldn't use unattributed work or opinion in your 'normal' work and certainly wouldn't select only those facts which suit your thesis. People really should have been given some help prior to starting into how to honestly edit a journal (i.e. showing where and the manner of such changes). And the purpose of the diaries should have been more fully discussed. The preparation for these more 'sociological' aspects of the project



should have been more comprehensive. Tony's comment about collecting in papers to mark was interesting.

After diary writing up to a.m. tea break Eric said that he didn't require me therefore I went over to work for Mike (Helen busy digging trench to test the extent of her stone spread/footing). It was whilst Mike was planning the feature I was working on that I went to talk to Wayne and Chris T when they turned up to look over things. Seems to me that what happened is illuminating in the light of what I wrote above. I explained to Chris T and Wayne about what I had seen in this part of the settlement and whilst they showed interest they didn't come along to have a look with me. they were involved in their own business and didn't seem to want to deviate from this. Incidentally, I found two other points along the wall where the quoit disappears behind stones or a rise in the landscape, which correspond with a structure at a wall intersection (where initially I took a wrong turn and got lost) and at an entrance. At the entrance nearest to Mike's, however, the quoit remains visible.

The weather started to turn worse shortly after p.m. tea. Without us realising it the survey people had called it a day and got off the hill. In a sustained drizzle we carried on working, cleaning soil away from stone which it was possible to do without too many problems in these conditions as long as the spoil on the surface is kept to a minimum. I was surprised at how much we were able to achieve during this time, but eventually the rain became harder and we had to pack up. We didn't get off the moor until just before 6 so we'd not stopped that early. Determined not to walk off the hill alone in this weather and reluctant to be left alone with my thoughts. So raced along after Gary and huffed and puffed beside him. Glasses ran with water and soaked. Not long after getting into the jeep it really started to rain!

Wednesday 11th June 1997

Typical that on the day that I was ready to leave by 8 a.m. Tony decided he needed to be up on site with the diggers, which meant that he needed my space in Eric's jeep. This meant that I had to wait until 8.45 to leave with Wayne and Henry. This is no bad thing really because it helps me in my gradual drift sideways into work with the survey team. Just wish I'd known and I would have slept longer or worked on my diary before getting up!

The project vehicles have certainly gone up market since last week with Wayne's Renault Laguna being one of the nicest cars that I've ever ridden in. Listened to an album based on 'The Peoples' Century' documentary which my music starved ears enjoyed tremendously. Driving through the mist mixed with the stirring music created an evocative atmosphere. I love this - the people of no other era have had this experience of sound and movement, have experienced the landscape this way. Funny how we value the land between and relegate motorland to the box marked banal. I say we but of course a lot of people love driving. I must learn to drive.

Another misty walk onto site and boots, despite wax, are soon sodden in the dew lake covering the moor. Heading too far down we track a boggy stream along to a familiar crossing point. Trying to find hut 28 we meet Tony along the way. The tent has blown down and the poor lad has been stumbling around trying to find it with Steve. We arrive and sit by the tent to catch our breath, change boots, smoke, etc., before the survey team splits up to start their days work at about 10.30.

Barbara commented on Christel's photographic project and said that they wanted to get a series of photos showing the site being prepared for an 'official' site photograph. This would show, she said, "the movement from disorder to order". She



commented that Mike had told Christel that he didn't want her to photograph his trench prior to it being cleaned. Barbara ascribed this to his sense of professional pride. I mentioned that I'd heard Mike talking in the bar about just this matter. He said that he didn't personally care about straight sections, etc., but he was doing it for other people who expect to see such things. I'm not entirely sure whether this meant that they expected to see them for normative reasons or so that they might be better able to use the data from the excavation through making the photos as clear as possible. Mentioning this latter point to Barbara she said that it was "rubbish" to claim that you were doing such a thing for some notional person in the future. Funnily enough just as I sat down to write this diary I heard Sue walking past with Tony saying that she was upset last night by Chris T and Barbara's sustained negative response to Mike.

Also talked about the diggers organisation of regular days off and breaks during the day. Barbara said that having a regular tea break to look forward to was a way of "decreasing anxiety". I'm curious as to what she means by this.

As we'd walked over I mentioned my conversation with Tony last night regarding the differences and similarities between excavation and survey methodology. Barbara agreed a bit, but emphasised that the process of surveying involved what she called "lateral involvement". I think she means by this coming to a collective consensus about the significance of a feature in which no one person is given precedence in the final acceptance or rejection of the decision. Again, as with Tony last night, the example of Henry coming over to the group discussion about a particular stone and pronouncing it to be an unlikely candidate for serious attention was mentioned. It's interesting that different people should pick up on this one incident from yesterday. Why does it stand out in this way?

Because I arrived on site later than normal I missed the joint discussion about Helen's test trench and what had been learned from this. Sue mentioned that she'd wanted everyone to be involved together, but the mist had forced the students to come over in two separate groups. I'll be interested to read Helen's site diary in a few days time to see if I can get a sense of how this discussion evolved and to see if any problems were resolved. Sue said last night that she was pleased to see how events on one site (in this case Eric's test pit) influenced decisions on another (e.g. Helen concerned to find out if her rubble spread was specific to the cairn structure or part of a 'natural' event, the spread of rubble over the hill). Even if the rubble is natural it is on Helen's mind that the natural feature may have been adapted by the cairn builders. This thought almost directly parallels Mike's regarding the use of natural features (grounders) around which a hut 'terrace' is constructed. He seems to be moving away from seeing the 'terrace' as a totally manufactured artefact. Survey also of course is exploring this question of the articulation of culture and nature in the formation of the landscape.

Another aside that I catch (surely to be noted more fully in Tony's diary) is Eric a little reticent to let Tony take diggers aside for questioning. They have to be actively excavating whilst the weather is good. When weather bad not so much of a problem, but then Tony has a problem taking notes!

At tea break Helen asked Angus and Steve if they'd like help with field notebooks. They're enthusiastic and appear grateful for this offer. I've been really impressed by the help that the supervisors have given the students in learning (Helen going through the formalities of recording levels for example). Speculate that the Institute of Archaeology interconnection helps here. Supervisors are graduates of the



Institute of Archaeology and work there so they know what is expected of students and the difficulties they face. "Maybe," says Helen.

Justin had planned the cairn and helped take levels whilst I watched in the 15 minutes before tea. He asked me on the way down to 28 if my observations took in what went on off site. Only to a certain extent, I said. Only if I see it as relevant to what is going on in the project. Whilst I write this Chris T and Henry are putting out their flags. Writing this diary on my own has been good this morning. I've had a chance to gather my thoughts and slough off the slightly melancholy feeling of the period prior to tea. Feelings generated I think by some of the comments related above and by homesickness because I really miss Harriet at the moment. So sad that she's not here to share in this with me.

Afternoon talked with Sue before taking a quick look at what the survey team are doing in the southern (?) settlement and then going off to the cairn. Sue spoke of her uncomfortable night. The grilling from some of the survey team {Henry and Wayne mainly I think}. Says that she understood my 'Thursday feeling'. Her comments about the project as a whole are complementary and quite positive. Especially happy to hear that she is relaxed and pleased with Tony and my work. Telling her some of my fears she says that everyone has got used to our presence and to a great extent this means that she is confident that whatever conclusions we draw will be fair to everyone involved.

Afternoon at the cairn goes quickly because I'm engrossed in my job cleaning around the kerb stones. These stand out beautifully in the top corner. A very obvious pairing of taller inner and smaller outer kerbs. Question to be resolved is whether the soil infills in each 'sector' is the same or whether different fill indicates some aspect of the construction and later life of the structure. Attempt to resolve through work and discussion. I love this feeling of a shared act of resolution or at least attempted understanding. At the end of the day Barbara comes across through the mist, which has moved across from the opposite side of the valley. Stood and watched it approach with some sense of awe {the mist not Barbara!}. "A meteorological extravaganza" was how I described today's weather to Helen.

Will Helen's site diary describe this aspect (our discussion about the fill of different parts of the cairn) of today's work? I ask this question after spending the later evening in the bar with Tony, Dan, Faye, Angus, Steve and Justin, and at the end Sue who recounted her tales of caravan accidents, including a Jey-Cloth fire that Angus saw from his caravan window! Will they all record our evening's conversation in their diaries? Did any anthropologist ever face such a dilemma in their work? I want to record as much as possible in the time (and energy) that I have, but the temptation to say, well someone else will better describe this, is great, especially when I'm only a passive listener to an others' conversation. A strange sort of problem.

The students are an interesting bunch each with their different quirks and mannerisms. Dan constantly referencing some past encounter or friend of a friend's activities, Faye serenely listening and interjecting (her stated desire for a "Zen" like space in a tent fits totally to my first impression of her), Angus chirpily comments in a slightly scandalised way about the weirdness of the world, Steve slightly removed but commenting with authority on the matter of the moment. Justin talks about how he was slightly suspicious of the sociology at first, but now is at ease with it and says that he's beginning to get an appreciation of what we're up to. This is a great morale booster and the best sort of compliment.



Justin mentions what a good archaeological teacher Mike is and how he never feels any reticence in asking Mike for help or to explain something. This contrasts, he says, with other sites where he's felt anxious about asking questions for fear of seeming ignorant. What comes across is a mixture of admiration mixed with bewilderment over Mike's total commitment to the task at hand, commitment which will brook no compromise.

I'm tired now, but before going to sleep have to mention Barbara's visit to show the southern settlement plan. It is a thing of great beauty, obviously a work of some devotion. It covers the table with a mass of intricate detail, but as Barbara talks us through some sections and features you can begin to see the order emerging before your eyes. Stories begin to unfold. As Justin said tonight, what he likes about archaeology is the results and he is so right I think when I see Barbara and the others' work. It seems quite churlish to say that the survey work is slapdash or inconsequential when compared to excavation when you see an end product like this. I can't wait to have another look.

One last thing. Faye spoke of feeling a need to get to know the site better, to walk around and familiarise herself with the landscape having had three days on site dominated by lousy weather and the need to get down and involved in the trenches.

Thursday 12th June

Driving onto site with Helen, Gary, Justin in Eric's jeep passed Pete Herring from the Cornwall Archaeology Unit walking onto site. To be polite Eric stops to ask if he wants a lift, but with only fifty yards to go it's a token gesture! Everyone sets off for site and I fall in step with Pete H. Approaching the site he asks about the people involved this year looking for names that he recognises. Spots the 'barrow' and notes the movement of the excavation to a new centre of activity. He's only going to be on site for 3 days. Longer than his wife wants, he notes, (pissed off at his working at the weekend I guess, but at least he'll be around for his 5 year old's birthday on Sunday. I mentioned the New Age fanzines at Tintagel and their reference to archaeological investigations of ritual sites on Bodmin. Can only be a reference to Leskernick he thinks as this is the only current project. Reckons that there is a growing rapprochement between the two sides, especially with the editor of the journal that I mentioned (called Main Marion, probably spelt wrong, Cornish for 'Earth Mother'), who he knows. They're beginning to see that archaeology is not just concerned with farming and technology, etc. he observes, but adds that the New Agers have their own agenda which in his opinion is firmly rooted in the circumstances of the present.

Looking for Sue we head for the cairn and on to Mike's hut, but Sue appears above us descending the hill. She explains the cairn excavation to Pete H with help from Helen. He's especially impressed with the thought given to the conditions and forms of the stones and whether we can use this to sort out the culture/nature issue on the site. He knows of no other work on Bodmin which bears this sort of issue in mind. Later Helen, slightly nerve wracked by the encounter, also gets a buzz out of this compliment from a local expert. Talking about the movement of the stones with Helen, Sue and Gary they get onto the subject of modern wall construction with stone and sources of documentary evidence. Discuss the possibility of getting expert dry stone walling help onto site before Sue and Pete H moved off for a site tour whilst waiting for Chris T and Barbara to arrive.

Life at the cairn is leavened by chatting, singing and talking about nothing in particular. In other words doing the things that you do when you're not living in a mass



mediated environment, and, engaged in fairly dull, repetitive work. But for Helen, I think, this isn't the whole. Pressure to do the right thing, to work according to the field archaeologist's morality of correct recording and right action given the destruction of evidence around her. Lays a burden upon her that I don't feel. So the day is a 'normal' one, but 'normal' for a field archaeologist is really quite peculiar. What's normal for an anthropologist is another matter. Trying to stay equidistant, to please everyone all of the time so as not to drive them from me and destroy the links to the information I need is driving me to distraction. Some people rather than others I feel freer to talk to, but then I think this just compounds things. Juggling friendship and work. {Since when was this just an anthropologist's problem?}

Towards end of the day talked to Helen about problems of recording contexts. I'm trying to get an idea of how interpretation is either facilitated or constrained by the framework that's used. Perhaps to prove the point we're talking at cross purposes for most of the time! Why no remove this stone to reveal the kerb underneath (if there is one), I asked? But you can't remove the kerb context until the prior context is removed, she said. Turns out that my bit of rubble is actually part of the kerb context so it would be like removing the kerb to reveal the kerb! Asked Eric about these sorts of problems as we walked off site. He said that in the sorts of situations that MOLAS work in a rigid framework is necessary because of the turnover of employees. On a site like this, however, it's not such an issue. Time and a committed workforce are on their side.

It's a damp day again and we hunker down in our caravan to drink the day away and watch TV. Visited Dan, Steve and Angus's van to deliver questionnaires and answer their questions about my project. Steve in particular appears sceptical. Christel's photos are good fun and capture a lot of the site atmosphere. Radio Cornwall phone-in offers excellent entertainment!

Friday 13th June 1997

Swimming at 7.30 a.m.! Then a leisurely day in Camelford having breakfast at the sandwich bar. Helen decorated the caravan 80's style and egg alter egos take pride of place. What more can you say about a day doing nothing? Feeling totally uninspired to do diary today, but I've got virtually all the questionnaires in and spend some time sorting them out, writing follow-up questions and interviewing Gary. Vegan lentil chilli shared with Faye and the caravaners. Didn't even know that I could cook a vegan chilli! Hope to write more tomorrow and feel a bit guilty for being so uncommitted at the moment.

Saturday 14th June 1997

Stopping in Camelford I go to get a newspaper and ask Eric if he wants one. "A newspaper," he says. "Goodness I've not got time to read a newspaper!" As we set off for site Eric gives Helen the dumpy level in its box to carry and comments that "it looks just like your handbag". Helen, obviously not in the mood to be mucked around tells me to "Get Off!" when I nudge her and tease her that she wasn't willing to carry a water bottle but will take the dumpy level. Great start to the day.

Come onto site with Pete H and talk about whether archaeologists like children amongst other things. Of course they do! That's the point because some or even most field archaeologists are not in the position to raise kids it being such an unsettled lifestyle. Also his concern that all aspects of life at Leskernick be considered if only because other more 'traditional' archaeologists will see something in the research of



relevance to them and they'll not simply ignore the work. Talks about how excited he is by work at Leskernick. Later in day to Jeff, a slightly Hobbitish member of the Cornwall Archaeological Society, he comments that his conception of and subsequent presentation of landscape has changed in the years since reading Chris T's work. Jeff declines to comment on this. Notice that there is always a pecking order of directors in terms of peoples' references to them, e.g. Jeff comes on site and asks where Chris T is, not where's Sue or Barbara. Why?

Determined to do a bit of diary writing but make the mistake of sitting in hut 28 to do it. I'd walked over there with Pete H and then spoken to him about what he was doing that day. Error because after only one paragraph Henry, Christel and Wayne turn up so I put the book away. Chris T and Barbara haven't returned yet so we divide up. Wayne goes away for another solitary day sketch planning. Not that he particularly wants or needs anyone to help having realised early on that a helper rapidly gets bored with little to do other than make the occasional measurement. Remember now a comment he makes on the way home in the car related to plans. "The convention is to colour the upright stones, orthostats, black, but we didn't do this early on." Says that next year they'll come back to check the plans and details like this can be added. Henry, Christel and I go off to stake out the walls extending down from the enclosures below Mike's site. Only a few minutes into this a man with a dog comes towards us. Henry's first catch of the day. I'll leave it to him to give details, but not here only that he's lived nearby at Bowthick for 20 odd years and known of the settlement, but never seen the hut circles and walls. Seeing the route he was on seems likely that he has always skirted around the hill bottom avoiding the stony upland because it's more difficult terrain. Or maybe he follows the dog and the dog always runs along downhill!

So Christel and I are left to peg out the walls which doesn't take so long except that in many places a bit of ground free of stones below the surface to hammer in even these small stakes is hard to find. Soon my fore arm is aching from hammering. Despite digging a change in the type of work can still leave you smarting. As we're doing this two men come towards us and from a short distance shout "is Chris T around?" (see what I mean!). Turns out that they're geomorphologists helping out on the project. Within seconds they're on their hands and knees, faces inches from the surface of a huge boulder, gleaning whatever facts geomorphologists are inclined to collect from its surface. Very interesting facts as it turns out - looking at ability of rocks to absorb energy using their handy Schmidt hammer (looks like a rivet gun to me, but then what do I know about riveting {less than I know about geomorphology}). They can work out how long rocks have been subject to mechanical weathering and build up a relative chronology of which rocks have been exposed the longest. With careful use this should be very useful to the archaeologists. Indeed, all the archaeologists are excited to talk to them on site and in the bar, trying to come to some co-ordinated response to the question of natural versus cultural formation of stone arrangements.

Henry rejoins us and we start the survey proper. In the areas surveyed, enclosures that reach down to the very edge of the settlement, we move quite quickly. Henry looks for signs learnt from previous journeys through the rock fields. Stones associated in regular partnerships, proximity to walls, etc. His eye is quick and I'm amazed how rapidly we can move through each area. Indeed, pegging out an area to give us a wider guide to where we should be looking is if anything more time consuming. At one point we stop and Henry points out a pointed stone next to a large grounder, a common feature, but turns to Christel and says that she can't see some of these things. She grins silently, in agreement?



Chris T arrives. "He's in a sitting down smoking mood," comments Henry, which isn't surprising given the travel and stress of the previous day (interviewing candidates for a post at UCL [...]). Has with him Christel's most recent photos and whilst they look through them, Henry and I continue the survey.

I asked Steve about the response to the ethnicity question on the survey. Says that given own history of residence in Hong Kong for 7 years and also south east Asia, along with birth in the UK and the multiplicity of factors that go to make up a concept like ethnicity, doesn't see how could find a word that applies. Steve adds that this is one of the problems of doing survey work amongst archaeologists because they're all so different. If I was doing a survey of bank clerks then it would be easier, says Steve, because they would all be more or less the same. This comment obviously reveals more about Steve's attitude to bank clerks and how archaeology fits into own objectification of identity than it does about bank clerks or archaeologists. {Harsh judgement, I think, in retrospect because might be the case and so tell us more about the labour recruitment policies of the two professions.}

After lunch I joined Pete H whilst he continues looking at the southern settlement. He's doing a rapid replication of the survey in order to corroborate or question Barbara's work. Given comments above it's interesting that he refers to this consistently a "Barbara's work". It's her map that he will eventually compare his work to in as much as she drafted it in neat form from the combined fieldwork results. His own sketch on permatrace above a RCHM plan using coloured pencils to code the work, grading each wall intersection or doorway/gateway with degrees of certainty regarding his interpretation has a beautiful clarity. Later in the day Henry and Chris T self-deprecatingly compare their own map to his and marvel at the use of coloured pencils!

As mentioned above Pete H is excited by the work being done here and I get the impression, although it's no more than that at present, that this goes beyond a purely intellectual interest in the results towards a 'purer' form of happiness that people, outsiders, are caring enough to spend their time here. Such a lot of time here given that the archaeologists are probably the longest term residents here since the abandonment of the Bronze Age settlement. {This probably isn't the case given the evidence of shelters for animal herders and maybe a medieval farmstead to the north of the hill.} Compares the sustained attention to the site on the ground to the one day that the RCHM team spent here checking their aerial photo plans, but doesn't imply any disparagement of RCHM work because it's obviously a totally different sort of project. He mentions that he wants to come back here on a school day because the children will be at school and he'll be able to come here with his wife "and show her the place I've been going on about". Also will return for the solstice with a group from the CAS. Even if it's bad weather he'll probable still have to come having told so many people who may turn up. Recounts story of similar event in appalling weather when one man did come to the Winter solstice. All the way from Bristol, saw nothing and ruined his camera in the process.

Jeff meanwhile had returned having gone to find Chris T, who it turns out he'd already spoken to without realising it. He has been enquiring whether Chris T has read certain site reports or knows of some recent excavations. Chris T turns out not to have read them, says Jeff. Some of these sites have been discovered by amateurs who were then "thrown of the site by professionals" once their importance was realised. Jeff is of course upset about this. He says that the role of the amateur in archaeology is being undervalued and mentions "my long barrow" (St. Kitts) which he discovered. But then



he says, there are not many of the CAS who are as interested in field walking as he is, most of them being "historians or naturalist".

Pete H and Jeff debate the alignments of the sun during the solstice in prehistory. Would you see the same thing? Jeff is sceptical, but Pete H assures him that over this length of time the difference would be only a matter of half a degree or so. And anyway we can always take this into account. Pete H has had someone from Cambridge University come to examine this issue in relation to the quoit from a long barrow about 900 metres away in particular. This Pete H regards as a "viewing platform" aligned with the quoit.

As Pete H continued going around the settlement all the males on site came over to shift a large stone in Eric's trench. This despite Gary and Helen previously arguing that two people with poles and forethought can easily do the job. As they again proved in this instance. Steve, talking to Pete H, maintains that the stone would have stood on its edge creating quite a high back wall. Pete H is pleased that there is someone on site thinking critically about these issues. They go on to debate the structure in general and Steve confesses to having a problem with thatched roofs, although he's not sure why he doubts their use in prehistory. Perhaps other materials would have been better suited. Steve has a passionate interest in reconstructions and hopes to build some scale models of these Bronze Age houses using modellers' clay to make small boulder and stone substitutes to test his theories.

As we finish the southern settlement survey we move up and over the hill towards the quoit spotting and marking on the plan evidence of stone working from the 19th century and possible walls. Reaching the quoit I point out some other stone-on-stone arrangements. These, says Pete H, have been pointed to by sceptics as 'proof' that the quoit isn't unique. Conversely Pete H says that he thinks of the quoit as the mother with children arranged around. Also a fantastic mill stone, huge but split, at the top of the hill. A small tragedy for the poor sods who'd spent so much time carving the thing out.

From the quoit Pete H and I part. I go down to join Chris T and Henry. Just time to help with a survey on the edge of the western settlement which, to my surprise, they think will be finished by the end of this year's work. I spot a "quoit viewing platform"! But it's getting late so we finish and walk off site, stopping to say bye to Pete H on the way.

Journeying back with Wayne I think how beautiful the day has been. Not just weather wise, although the first sunny and warm day for over a week is so welcome, but also in terms of the activity on site. Visitors, archaeologists, geomorphologists, surveyors and even sociologists, all going about their own work. Bringing and sharing their skills with each other. Any sense of tension or division seems totally beyond the pale on a day like this. Indeed, later that day over a glass of wine with Penny and Wayne, Tony and I discuss this issue. Should we have read the diaries before arriving? Having done so we've come with baggage that may be a hindrance rather than a help. Wayne and Penny certainly seem to think that the problems that may have been apparent last year are less visible this year. In fact Penny especially seems to view the project as running this year along very smooth lines. Is Leskernick bedding down into a work rhythm {excuse mixed metaphors please!} in which all are reaching a point of accommodation if not actual agreement?

To the bar where almost everyone is present and enjoying the Saturday feeling even if this has been a work day. Thrashed at pool by Angus and squeezed between Helen and the geomorphologists on one side and Faye and Tony on the other side. Can



hear neither conversation given the hubbub so I'm reduced to chipping in as and when I can actually hear what's being said. Across the table Eric and Steve are engrossed in conversation triggered by Eric's discovery that Steve is president of the Student Archaeology Society (the SAS, note the tee-shirt motif!). Again can't really hear much, but do catch Eric saying that the problem that he has with this sociology stuff is that at his age he's set in his ways and can't shift so easily. At least I think that's what he said.

Sunday 15th June 1997

A day spent catching up on work in the comfort of the sunny outdoors lent against a stone above Helen's cairn. Site tour today very interesting, especially Mike's discovery of a smooth 'quern' stone and the geologists' discussion of 'elven' stone origins. On tour students ask few questions, Faye in fact rarely looks up from her field notebook where she is documenting what Sue says in very neat handwriting. Angus in response to Sue's suggestion on basis of geomorphologists' information that stone clitter is area extensively grazed and cleared 'field' is actually under used says that surely this throws the survey team's work into doubt. He seems to be creating too simple a separation of interpretation and observation which Sue then challenges by saying that all aspects of the project feed into one another. Tour ends at tea break and we join the surveyors who are just arriving laden with lots of food and booze for a picnic at the end of the day. Just time to take quoit photos before lunch. Just remembered Pete H's comment yesterday regarding quoit becoming a key focal point for the project. Similar to his comment about moving from the barrow near the stone row terminal.

After lunch sat finishing diary and follow-up interview questions. Chris T reckons my interview notebook looks like a refugee from another era of fieldwork, like one Malinowski might have! In the last hour of the working day I finish this work and walk up to see how Helen and Gary are getting on at the cairn (and to pee at favourite toilet rock Tony take note!). They're hurriedly cleaning the last phases of the excavation with Justin ready for a photograph. So I join in. Helen wants to get this finished before the end of the day so that we don't have to come back to this tomorrow. By 6.30 we're finished, although some photos can't be taken because of the poor, low sunlight leaving a shadow across the whole trench. These pictures have to wait until the next day. Sue is with Martin the palynologist who's arrived today. Barbara, Chris T, et al. are busy wrapping stones in cling film and painting them. Barbara wants to make reproductions of rock art which is what I and Tony assumed would happen, but Chris T wants to totally cover them with poppy red paint. When they've finished about four stones are covered with a vivid blister and certainly stand out against the muted grey green landscape. It's a striking effect. Maybe not great art, but an effective exercise in altering perception.

Going down to join the party in hut 28, all the survey team are present along with myself, Helen, Gary, Faye, Sue, Mike and Martin. The rest have gone home. Mike seems to have come under sufferance and lies on the floor throughout protected behind his dark glasses saying next to nothing. Sue seems to feel anxious about something and after 25 minutes or so leaves with Mike, Martin, Faye, Helen and Gary. The others seem to visibly relax once they leave, but then a significant amount of wine was being drunk so that's not particularly surprising. Chris T asks later why more diggers haven't stayed because they were all told about this get together. Barbara jumps in saying that they've been working hard and probably want to get back home, shower, eat and relax.



Nice to see everyone having fun and joking. Jeremy the photo planning man must find this group of merry archaeologists slightly bizarre after a hard days planning.

Monday 16th June

Started to backfill the cairn trench with Faye and Helen. Activity recorded at various stages by Faye, who is going to build a photo montage of the trenches transformation. [...] For most of the day it's the repetitive but pleasurable chore of shovelling punctuated by jokes and singing and the very occasional serious statement. In particular Helen's observation about the 'class' structure of excavation is interesting. Do you take this literally or treat it as a simile? Worth some consideration because Helen is enthusiastic that this has to be considered. Obviously not a simple question of class reflected in archaeology unproblematically {i.e. to say that archaeology is a bourgeois discipline is true, but the question of what archaeology is is not exhausted by this characterisation.}

Although intending to stop and write I felt unable to leave the others labouring and so maybe this diary entry is a little less detailed than others. But as Henry said recently, it's more of a mnemonic device to trigger recollection than a totally exhaustive account. Already I've remembered my encounter with Tony Blackman, the Young Archaeologist and house reconstruction man. Standing at the cairn just before backfilling. A fairly elderly man in tracksuit, white beard, knapsack and stick who has spent the first half of the morning at Eric's comes over. "What have you been excavating? How do you know it's a cairn?" he asks. It's only after five minutes of these 'naive' questions when he says "I have my own (Bronze Age) house" that I twig that it's Tony Blackman. Not stating who he is and pretending to be so ignorant whilst engaged in conversation strikes me as fairly devious and manipulative, but then I didn't tell him that I'm an anthropologist and that he'll enter my diary.

Tony Blackman has discovered something wonderful at the top of the hill, a small circular structure with wall extending towards the quoit. At the precise end of the wall the 'window' becomes fully visible and forms a triangle with the same angles as that formed by the outer edge of the quoit. It is utterly beautiful and a fantastic example of prehistoric 'architecture'. In fact in the past few days I've begun to be consumed by the beauty of this place and started to stumble about in awe saying "beautiful" far too often for it to retain any meaning. Maybe it's as the excavation has palled in its novelty and fatigue sets in (a long term sort of tiredness that's difficult to shake off and which means I'm starting to tire very quickly) that I've suddenly started to look more widely and want to explore further. What stops me? Commitment to 'mates' in the trenches? Note that Eric still can't find his way to Mike's site and has to stop at the cairn to ask directions. The surveyors' arrival and learning more about the discoveries has also made me aware of just how packed this hill is with features. How can we possibly convey this excitement to others. Surely we will try because this excited feeling is an essential part of landscape for so many of those involved here (although sometimes for many different reasons I think).

Interviewed Penny in the evening and prepared food for tomorrow night. Gary and Helen's cairn cake is a truly terrifying creation! Tony attempts to slide into shower, but Mike {me!} makes a mess of his premature plans!!

Tuesday 17th June 1997



Turf laying is not quite as horrible as I thought it might be, but then company of Helen, Faye and Tony makes the worst of jobs fun. Gary has shifted to "the Trench of Doom"!

Helen in reply to question about diaries says that she's not been writing one really, but prompted by this makes a crucial point about this years work versus last year. Co-ordination of survey and excavation is she thinks getting much closer to ideal where problems raised by one are answered (or attempted to be answered) by the other. This is far from the ideal of total interchangeability of staff members between groups, but is closer to pragmatic form of co-operation. Move away from the ideal to the pragmatic.

Last night I couldn't get Helen to come and see the new quoit effect. "Anyway what's beautiful about it? It's been there for thousands of years and it can wait until another day". I went up anyway (and incidentally hurried down hill to catch up with others, eventually walking with Steve who told me about his family's holiday in Kashmir). Today just before lunch we (Tony, Helen, Faye and I) did go to look and Helen was fairly excited. Looking back down the hill Tony saw some stones beyond the settlement and we (Tony and I) went to investigate. We seemed to be led down the hill past the cairn and houses and then down the 'droveway' towards these stones. We walked across the moor towards the fields opposite trying to find Pete H's long mound 'quoit viewing platform' with no success. Did see furthest stone circle, however, which looks very good. On way back our wishful thinking maybe gets the better of us and before reaching the droveway we've found two more stone circles! Henry later says, yes well maybe perhaps. Or words to that effect. "If we'd done the survey here they'd be 'stone circles question mark'," he comments. From the other side of the moor the quoit looks superb against the skyline and the droveway flanked by the outer walls takes on the appearance of a spectacular entrance to the settlement. From here the hill looks almost perfectly circular and as Penny I think said "it's really a huge barrow in the landscape".

Since p.m. tea I've sat here in hut 28 watching Wayne and Henry ascend towards Codda Tor. 5.15. Tony's arrived. An excellent place to stop.

Barbara asked if Tony and I were off duty as we stood outside her caravan enjoying the party food. Certainly we were I think. There's nothing that I want to learn or ask people about. It's nice to just squeeze in and enjoy each others company. Everyone in fact seems to be getting on fine which is fantastic. I'd suggested to Barbara that she take this opportunity to show the southern settlement map to those who haven't seen it, but she doesn't. Wayne suggests that to do so would have offered a point around which argument could have coalesced. Maybe this is the case, but equally isn't it the case that because a lot of the people, especially the students, haven't seen the end results of the survey teams' work they don't know what they're doing. Hence their suspicions. As it is the cairn especially is a hit and Penny gets a lovely send off.

In the early hours of the morning I discussed the chronology and construction of the settlement with Gary. Also movement through and around the site, e.g. that the southern side you move through, guided up towards the quoit, whilst on the western side you move with the contours, skirting the hill.

Wednesday 18th June 1997

Prepared for another hot day on the hill, but it's overcast with a chilly wind when we arrive. Congregating around Eric's trench it's obvious that almost everyone is



staying there. So when I see Mike approaching I ask if I can work with him. Penny's gone so only Angus is digging there with Justin cleaning up a section prior to drawing it. Of course my motives are not entirely innocent. I had my night off yesterday and now I'm curious to see what life is like in hut 23. None of which escapes Mike's notice at all. He notes the presence of "a spy" in their midst! It's a light hearted comment, but of course says much about his attitude to the sociological project and how he perceives mine and Tony's role on site. And from my point of view it's unfortunate because a spy by definition is deceitful, trying to infiltrate a society to obtain information that can be used to harm the 'host' people. Now I don't believe that this is a description of me at all because I'm not looking for info to attack Mike or the excavators or anyone for that matter. It just highlights the problems that exist I think doing anthropology in a society in which 'sociology' is a known thing (even if most peoples' knowledge of sociology is a travesty of the discipline). This is why when I mentioned to Barbara about 'mateism' being an important factor on the dig I had to honestly reply that, no I'm not a 'mate' in the true sense, but can only act like one. Was ever so with participant observation I guess.

In the trench we're cleaning and searching for features some of which have been appearing. It's a God forsaken job, however, a most turn out to be "bunny holes" or in my case a surface darkened by trampling to form a wonderfully circular 'post hole'. Some joy in that Mike may have found a hearth area, but still much swearing as he furiously trowels. The final insult comes later in the day when the rain starts to fall hard,, driving us off site early and we know that when we eventually return the trench will be sodden and silt smeared.

It's in contrast to this frustration then that the care and patience that Mike shows towards Angus has to be seen. He's willing to let him excavate a feature slowly. Angus said that even if it's a rabbit hole the practice will be good. He then lets him draw it himself, although Mike still takes the photos. As Helen observes, Mike runs his trench in a paternalistic fashion which contrasts with his off site personae. According to Justin, Mike's mood dominates life in the caravan.

I'm exhausted. A tiredness that comes after only a few hours digging and I'm grateful that I have a certain amount of autonomy to say that I need to go off in the afternoon to conduct some interviews. So another {the main?} reason to question my participant observation methodology, but surely a necessary compromise. Yes, I could be totally undercover. Working purely as a digger and be subject to all their work restrictions {perhaps not even telling anyone that I was doing ethnographic research}, but then this isn't an ethnography of diggers but of archaeological research at Leskernick. Anthropology demands that you gain an holistic, all-encompassing view of the society in which you live. The contradiction in this is that few true members of their society either demand or are allowed such a perspective. Which is precisely why I love anthropology!

The weather rapidly worsens after lunch and this influences the follow-up interviews I do, especially with Christel, the two of us shivering in the tent. To warm up I set off in pursuit of Wayne, Tony and Chris T in the clitter above the western settlement huts. Hopping from stones in the drizzle following the lines of stones that Chris T has spotted. Seeing Tony get frustrated as he misplaces stones on the map and rub them out to start again. Wayne chipping in to try to temper Chris T's observations with just a hint of scepticism. It pours down and at 4.30 all work is abandoned and rush off site as quickly as possible. Eric, sodden, curses the weather and the wait for a fatigued Faye. "We're all tired," he testily mutters whilst swearing at his wet feet.



Just remembered something as I saw Eric walking outside the caravan window. Yesterday walking off site I mentioned the 'new' observations regarding the quoit to him and he commented that it "sounds a bit cabalistic to me". Also that day Helen was delayed coming off site and we waited whilst Gary tried to spot her. Eventually left without her as she'd gone with Sue and Mike. Amazing that this sort of thing doesn't happen more often, but emphasises the communication difficulties that can arise on the hill. [...]

Forgot to mention that Dave Hooley was on site today. He's the English Heritage scheduling officer for Cornwall. Sounds like an almost endless job having to assess every known archaeological site in the south western-most parts of the UK. Three years on the Scilly Isles alone! But in many ways he is the crucial person involved having held up the scheduling of Leskernick so that excavation could take place. In the morning he is at Eric's trench post hole hunting. Later he walks the enclosure fields with some success it seems as he's found evidence of lynchets (i.e. cultivation). Walking onto site today via the other end of the hill with Angus to look for his wallet saw two medieval fields with ruined long house (according to authoritative Gary). The fields stood out bright yellow-green and contrasted greatly with the open moor of the hillside. Imagine the fields of Leskernick being cultivated, especially the southern settlement. Two wings curving over the hillside with the droveway between. The crops growing inside are a testament to the presence of people on the hill. More so than the walls that today take our attention. The soil depth isn't good, the yield wouldn't be high, but maybe they didn't care with such a fantastic monument in grass and grain to celebrate. I like this image even if it is only romantic fantasy.

Get back, dry out, cook dinner for all. Stop only to look at the great 'significant photos' that everyone has taken. A pint of beer in the bar was a mistake because I'm falling asleep after taking a few sips. Did anyone ever sleep so well as I did last night?

Thursday 19th June 1997

If the sun shines on the righteous, who does the rain fall on? The exhausted and grateful! I've never been so happy to hear the rain as this morning. Fell back into glorious sleep. After getting up about 9 lounged around with Tony and Gary. Wrote up yesterdays diary. By midday it's obvious that we're not going up onto site at all so Sue arranges to visit the reconstruction of the Bronze Age house at Graham Lawrence's farm at Treworthey. Travel with F, Gary and Tony in Eric's jeep. Skirt around Bodmin passing the windmills that we can see from site. Crane necks to spot Leskernick from the road, but whether we could see it from here it's impossible to say.

Up a winding road to the farm and then along a rough rubble road across open moor covered in gorse and bracken to the farm buildings at the end. Just before reaching the 'car park', a cleared area strewn with disused and rusting agricultural machinery, we can see the top of the house's conical thatched roof for the first time. Along the way we've been trying to spot the archaeological features marked on Gary's OS map, but, apart from the Tor in the distance, the odd stone poking through the undergrowth, and the 'modern' field on the other side, nothing is visible. Little wonder that the full extent of Leskernick wasn't recognised until the bracken had died out within the memory of the commoners grazing their livestock on the moor today.

No sign of farmer Lawrence when we park so we all get out and walk towards the building on the horizon. Mike stays a little longer in the van glowering behind the steering wheel. Eric comments on his appearing to be fed up with something, but what



it is we don't know. The size of the house is what first strikes most people, but then each person picks out their own features. Gary was struck by the walls first, their construction from smaller stones in the manner of a modern Cornish hedge. I saw the entrance way, covered to form a short tunnel into the structure, a pleasing echo of my favourite part of Eric's hut at Leskernick. Tony, I think, sees the rather drab interior. We all see, once our eyes become accustomed to the light, the strands of plastic twine hanging from the thatch inside the house.

Everyone seems to have mixed emotions about this experience. On the one hand to stand inside the house is so exciting. The sheer sense of space and size is fantastic. It's dry and fairly warm inside even without the fire lit. The overall effect of stepping inside and being surrounded by the walls and roof (the largest space that a Bronze Age person could be inside without seeing the open sky?) has an impact on us all. Then the details take over. The walls are wrong, the portable paraphernalia spread around looks kitsch (especially the arrow quivers made from reproduction plastic 'hide'), there is no back stone, the benches that ring the supporting timbers look out of place to me, and twine is so incongruous that it's difficult to take your eyes off of it. I get the feeling as people mill around inside and out that there is a sense of let down, a comment like "it's great but could be so much better" is uttered by most. Even so everybody seems to find something that interests them, post-construction, roofing and like. Mike is interested to find the 'kiln' opposite the house and examine the burnt 'elven' stone. Equally, the 'tepee' house with its roof posts resting on large stone pads obviously catches Sue's imagination due to the lack of post holes at Leskernick.

After people take a few photos the visit seems to wind down and Dan and Angus ask if they can climb up the Tor before leaving. Steve and I go back into the house for a last look. Steve is interested in experimental archaeology and reconstructions and he in particular finds the house to be a disappointment in terms of it being an 'authentic' representation of Bronze Age material culture and architecture. The thatched roof in particular he feels is too flimsy to stand up to much fierce weather. But then, he adds, if the house is used in the right way then this inauthenticity need not matter so much. This turns out to be quite prophetic because stepping out into the open we can see farmer Lawrence talking to the rest of the group by the pits (minus Dan and Angus up the Tor). What he tells us changes totally, I think, our appreciation of what has been achieved here.

He's a big man with a mass of curly hair who talks quietly, but in such a way that you can hear every word. He's unassuming and freely admits to knowing little about prehistory except that which he's learnt from living and working amongst the huts and "cistavanes" of the farm on which he's lived all his life. This is my interpretation of why he wanted to build the Bronze Age house.

Originally he'd lived in the village in the valley below coming up onto the moor with the livestock every day. Father and he (always referred to his father as "Father") had built the rubble track up here which connected their lowland property to their by now derelict upland farm. At college he'd studied biology and zoology to 'A' level and could have gone to university. But with a degree he'd have had to work indoors "for the Ministry" and to be honest he didn't want that. Besides he'd worked with Father for years, since before starting school almost, and so this job of farming was something he'd been fitted to from an early age. He wasn't interested in tradition for traditions sake. Indeed he viewed bodies like the Countryside Commission who'd offered some fairly useful sums of money to "return the countryside to its untouched state" with an attitude of amusement rather than contempt. They knew what they were talking about



but they didn't know who they were talking to. He had to make the farm work and so if that meant erecting barbed wire fences instead of a stone hedge or buying a Land Rover instead of resurfacing the rubble road then so be it. Any decision that fitted into the economic circumstances of the farm was the best decision to make. Sometimes of course this led to some questions about whether what was good for the farm was good for other aspects of the landscape. For instance, an archaeology student from Leicester University, a woman from a neighbouring farming family, had arrived to ask him questions for her thesis on the subject of why farmers destroy archaeological remains. "Why do you destroy archaeological remains?" she asked him. "I don't," he said.

He doesn't because it makes no sense to spend time and labour levelling a thick stone wall or a cairn in the corner of a field. Best to leave it be and work around it. Maybe the student was asking the wrong question in the place. Asking agro-industrialists in East Anglia why they destroy archaeological remains might have made for a better thesis. Problems only tended to arise in his experience when money from bodies like English Heritage arrived. Being paid not to destroy something struck him as crazy when surely a heavy fine to discourage destruction would be better. Paying farmers to be archaeological stewards just couldn't work when it was the case that all were first and foremost stewards of their farms.

Funnily enough though it generally through looking after livestock that he'd most frequently discover new monuments, the cistavanes in particular. Trying to locate new born calves and lambs, he'd often find them sheltered amongst the undergrowth in between some rocks. The animal would flatten the plants down and in doing so reveal the evidence of the cist beneath. He'd found two in that way quite recently.

In 1979 just after marrying he'd decided to move with his wife up to the family's old farm here at Treworthey. A crazy decision really given the hard work required to get the buildings into comfortable condition. There's still no mains electricity connection even today. But he'd always suspected that some day other people would come to share this part of the moor with them. This has proved to be the case with the educational centre, for which he sorts out accommodation and catering. Even if these children and management trainees on adventure weekends are not the businessmen in search of solitude that he first envisaged the centre provides a welcome boost to the family's income.

He knew about his own life and livelihood and knew that he shared the landscape with the remains of previous farming communities' houses. He began wondering how they coped with the problems he was facing. He decided to test his curiosity by building a replica Bronze Age house himself, but quickly learnt that this was a massive undertaking. This was what he wanted to learn though and so he stuck with it. Using the skills he had, such as hedge building, and the tools he had, such as his mechanical digger, it took him several months working in the afternoons after his farmwork was done to construct the wall. Others, like Tony Blackman (who strangely enough claimed full credit for the construction of the house to Barbara and mentioned Graham Lawrence hardly once if at all, Pete Herring, Dave Hooley and friends and family all lent advice and labour to the project. They tried to get 'authentic' materials using their own labour to see if this was possible, but in 70 hours of reed cutting near Perranporth, for example, they got enough to construct three quarters of the porch roof! There are 12,000 feet of twine holding the roof together and it was simply impossible for them to use 'natural' means to do this job. In fact professional thatchers had to be called in to complete this job after they left the bare frame of the roof in place uncovered during the Winter, which led to its collapse. Clearly it is the effort



required to build such a thing that for his part causes fascination. Whether he knows how the huts were really built or not is of secondary importance to the understanding and appreciation that he now has of how these people had to toil to make their landscape liveable. Of course he realises that this also is inauthentic to a great extent because he's doing other jobs apart from this project and his own skills and those of his helpers tended to hinder as much as help to begin with. The social and economic relations within which the Bronze Age people worked are unreproducible within a project like this, although in the course of constructing the house we get some hints as to what the situation might have been like in much the same way that the Leskernick project members get the same feeling of what it might have been to live and work there in the past. Graham Lawrence talks about this largely in practical terms. The need, for instance, to organise thatching properly so that everyone moves around in concentric circles or the erection of scaffolding inside the building to complete the thatch (which Tony Blackman attempted to hide whenever anyone approached, but which Pete H thought was exciting because it hinted at a possible explanation of the smaller post and stake holes found inside the excavated Bronze Age huts).

Above all he's excited to communicate what he learnt to those who visit. He talks for about an hour whilst we all sit inside the house on the low benches that he included to seat the school groups who visit. It's about inspiring questions and thought he says, but adds that on many occasions he doesn't know the answer to so many things. I felt that he had replied to Steve's fears by the time we left.

Stopped off at the Rising Sun on the way back for the first time in ages. Mike does his old trick of driving into the car park and out again without stopping (this time, apparently, telling the students about how good the beer was first). Talking to Eric in the pub about that grand old subject 'The Nature of Archaeology' is interesting. I'm still a little confused as to what Eric's position is regarding archaeology as a technical discipline and archaeology as an interpretative discipline. It seems to be that the reality of archaeology as it is practised is that the excavator is a technician who leaves it to others to work on interpretation, whilst his own opinion is that the ideal archaeologist should be both. From what he says about filling in context sheets it seems that he regards this as a purely technical exercise {I think I slightly overemphasise the dichotomies in Eric's position here}. The root problem is the maintenance of this technique versus interpretation dichotomy. Why, for example, is Phil Barker's book called 'Techniques of Archaeological Excavation' as if it is a purely technical exercise. {Chapter 10 entitled 'The Interpretation of Evidence' in Barker's book takes up precisely 15 pages out of 285. What he says in these few pages is excellent, but it seems a bit topsy-turvy that the most important part of the exercise gets only two and a half pages more than the section entitled 'Tools'.} Why not 'The Interpretation of Archaeological Remains' or something like that. Is putting a trowel into soil and removing a piece of dirt any less of an interpretative exercise than recording the dirt removed according to certain characteristics and then assuming that that dirt indicates a particular human activity was carried out in the past?

Return home to find that Helen's gone off to spend the day off tomorrow away from the campsite with her friend Mark. Don't blame her! Spend quiet night in and go to bed early leaving Gary and Tony to go to the bar where apparently everyone fell asleep in their beer again.

Friday 20th June 1997



The official day off, but again the weather is revolting in the morning. Feeling slothful and do nothing except sit and watch crap day-time TV, smoke and drink tea. Slumping into a torpor until Barbara comes over to ask if we want to come to the David Kemp exhibition. Saved from ourselves at last and from a day in the caravan listening to the rain on the roof.

Travelling down with Eric in his jeep we listen to his folk music tape. He'd discovered yesterday that Faye enjoyed the same sort of 'Celtic' folk music as he did. Eric also enjoys playing the guitar. It really is remarkable how many of the excavators enjoy a practical involvement in music, something that links them together almost as strongly as archaeology. Conversely the survey team seem in their various ways to enjoy involvement in the visual arts. Of course there isn't any strict division along these lines. It's just a tendency that's all. After all we all went to the exhibitions today and had a fantastic time. Don't ask me to describe the exhibits - I could write for hours if I start - but an exhibition about archaeology, excavation, exhibition, and mining stones (tin ore) obviously connects with us all. Lovely to visit Geevor again after so many years.

To visit Tesco's on the way back with Wayne, Barbara and Angus is a bit of a shock. Culture shock in Penzance! Chat about this with Angus, who did TEFL work in Cairo, on the way back along with the mysteries of Egyptology. Stopped in Camelford for beer and food with the others and found it to be a pretty mediocre place on a Friday night.

Saturday 21st June 1997

Today is a day when visitors are expected. Two men, surveyors from the RCHM, and, members of the Devon Archaeological Society. So despite appalling weather again we make our way onto site. Idiot anthropologist forgets his wellingtons and so has to wrap his feet in plastic bags to stop himself getting pneumonia. Works quite well, however, and I'm relatively dry at the end of the day. The moor is sodden with water collected in large boggy areas, the streams running full and fast, and the sheep tracks turning into small rivers. When the sun comes out, as it does with a taunting regularity throughout the day, these pools shine. This adds another beautiful aspect to this amazingly variable landscape. Pools of water also collect in the hollows worn down by animals using the stones as a rubbing post. As if to prove how effective the stone walls of the houses are, the exterior portion of Eric's trench is feet deep in water. The interior is also flooded, but to not such a great depth. When these houses were roofed the interior would have been very dry and so previous description of some interior features as drains seems a bit misplaced. We form a line and start to bucket, ladle, cup and sponge the worst of the water out of the trench. This is a losing battle because of the rain coming down hard at regular intervals during the day. Combined with a biting wind it's cold in the extreme and in the morning I have to work hard to keep warm. Shovelling Eric's spoil heap into order prior to the arrival of the DAS being the best way to do this I think. Also when it rains the rain is driven straight into your face and stings hard. Impossible to see especially with glasses. Only thing to do is stand with your back to the wind, facing towards Westmoorgate, and last the shower out.

Searching for something to do in such awful conditions Eric and Sue decide to continue dismantling the walls. I'm a bit dubious of this as it could be dangerous shifting stone in this weather. Gary, who is organising things, says that he'll not let things continue if it looks too bad and I think that Sue and Eric would respect his



decision if he did judge that conditions were too risky. As it is there isn't really too much hassle shifting three of the larger stones to let the excavators get at the interior of the wall 'cell' below. Actually the weather conditions do not hinder the diggers too much. Everyone is able to do some work and later that evening Angus comments on the amount of work that was achievable in Mike's trench. Throughout the day the 'typical' diggers stoicism is evident with standard jokes about hiding in the tent, etc., although at one point at least some of the excavators do venture into Wayne's tent (which doesn't make it through the day!). It's at tea break that we see the DAS visitors, about 8 in all, mainly elderly, led by Henrietta and Norman Quinnell, advancing across the moor towards us.

Henry takes them on a site tour whilst Wayne and Barbara keep their heads down. Perhaps there is a perceptible increase in work rate when they arrive at Eric's trench, as Tony observes, but as most people were or had been working anyway, I think this is in the eye of the beholder. After an intro to hut 39 the group moves off to the stone circle and SRT. Norman stays behind to talk to Sue and Henrietta having first gone off with the group doubles back to join the chat in the hut. By this time the RCHM surveyors have arrived on the site and Henrietta is so eager to be introduced to them that she first of all falls over a stone, ending up on her arse (very well controlled set of straight faces all round) and then almost elbows me out of the way to get next to them. Not long after this the lunch time armistice is declared.

Tony is going with Faye and Angus to show them his 'Codda Tor effect' at the SRT and I tag along. Good to keep moving. As we arrive at the far end of the stone row the rain lashes down again so we huddle together, backs to the wind. After 10 minutes it's eased off enough for us to walk the stone row and see the different Tors come into existence as we reach the SRT. Tony's justifiably proud of his discovery and I wish that I could explore this further in better weather.

After lunch Barbara is taking Tony to the station. Sad to say good-bye - we'll all miss our 'Little Bro'! Helen, Wayne and Christel decide to leave as well because the weather looks no better. Chris T, however, has to stay behind to show the Quinnell's and the RCHM surveyors around the western settlement. Main point that arises from this is the Quinnell's problem in seeing the moor in totally cultural terms. They want and indeed it has been Norman Quinnell's job (when with the OS) to separate out the archaeology, man-made features from the 'natural' back-ground. At times says Norman there were things that he spotted, e.g. a 'spiral' of stones in the clitter below Rough Tor, that he felt were man-made, but felt unable to place them on the OS map because he couldn't unequivocally state that they were man-made. Chris T wonders about how to represent the transposed stones within the clitter masses and Henrietta fumbles to find a word to use to say "moved by human hand". When she says again that she has a problem with this nature/culture issue one of the RCHM men (Dave McOmish is his name?) says "well if you stood in the middle of Wessex you wouldn't have a problem with saying that all you saw was a product of human action. Why is the moor seen as problematic? There's nothing here that can't be put down in some part to human intervention". Henrietta seems to be a bit taken aback by this and doesn't reply! Later Dave McOmish expresses extreme scepticism that the geomorphologists will be able to give definite answers to decide what's cultural and what's natural. Don't put your faith in them as a solution he seems to be saying.

After an hour or so the visitors depart and Chris T is pleased to see that it's gone relatively well. Observing the clitter on the side of the Fowey he takes me down to have a closer look. "This for me is the major find of the season," he says. It's a



beautiful playground of boulders within which so much does appear to be happening. A landscape of the dead, suggested Wayne. The dead being brought back to an elemental set of stones. Unexpectedly Wayne, Christel and Henry come back and join us at the clitter. Having almost reached Westmoorgate and seeing the weather improve they decided to return so as not to feel too guilty about not working the afternoon. Spent most of the afternoon, until 4.30 when the rain got worse again, doing survey work with Chris T and Wayne. Looking in areas above huts, near 'Mini Tor' and below quoit. Again evidence of transformation, but into what? Possible enclosure walls leading towards quoit. It's fun for a while walking around taking Chris T's notes, but I find that my mind wanders towards the 'features' of the site. So when I see something invariably I start to place it in relationship to the quoit or some other prominent landmark.

All day long I've felt the hill playing tricks on me. At Eric's a break in the cloud illuminated Brown Willy and looking up I suddenly saw it closer to me than I've ever seen it before. My jaw dropped to see that it had 'moved' so close. Then in the clitter around the Mini Tor I walked over the rocks for quite some time and looked round to see how far I'd come only to find I'd come almost no distance at all. I'd probably been going in circles amongst the rocks. Breaking away from the group and wandering on my own in the furthest part of the settlement. I followed the northern wall up to the cairn on the top of the hill. Up here suddenly everything is so close. You can reach almost any part of the site so easily starting from here, which is of course hardly mysterious given that we're on a curved surface (the RCHM map with no contours distorts the whole site). It's quite an exhilarating experience none the less. Like you've suddenly experienced relativity and space-time is acting a little differently than is usual. This is felt most strongly when you compare traversing the hill following a contour line as opposed to walking and looking up or down.

Listening to Chris T describe the destruction of the outer walls of some of the houses and the possibility of a conscious ritual of decommissioning I was struck by the thought of flesh being flayed from bone or perhaps bone split to reveal marrow within. Letting the image run I soon saw veins standing-up on the surface of rocks; imbricated clitter layered like meat fibres; the quoit, a head on the shoulders of the surrounding summit {light piercing the window animates the whole corpse!}; water evacuated like piss into the valley below from the rain fed streams or from the spring; ribs of wall running out from the sternum of the driveway. Soon the whole hill was a massive piece of X-ray art, a artwork bigger than any piece of individual carving you might care to find on a single rock. My Aboriginal ancestral body is pure fantasy I'm sure and bears no relation to how any Bronze Age Leskernite might see their landscape {either awake or during the dream time}, but yet again the hill has transformed before my eyes.

We see the rain moving from Rough Tor towards us and head off the hill. Stop at Eric's trench to see how they are doing and find them preparing to leave. Henry has had to meet Tony Blackman and his party of young archaeologists, who he has rather idiotically decided to bring up onto the moor. Initially worried that Henry might get left behind, but he's met Chris T on his way off the hill and is OK. I walk off with Gary and by the last ridge the rain has passed and the sun is out. A rainbow stands over the valley in the distance lit by sunlight turning it into a vision of some pastoral fantasy.

After showering did quick interview with Henry and then chatted with Barbara and Wayne over a whiskey in their caravan. Spoke about problems of doing presentations, especially when it comes to Tony and I doing our Leskernick



presentation. Also dangers of creating stereotyped (e.g. clothing) images of archaeologists. To cheer up the residents of caravan 41 Barbara brings over a bottle of wine. She goes off to join Henry, Christel, Chris T and Sue in Chris T's caravan where he's cooking a meal for the RCHM surveyors. Chat the night away whilst watching a gruesome film about a women's prison on TV. 'Top of the Pops' which followed was even more horrific though!

Sunday 22nd June 1997

I'm not going onto site today because I've got to catch up on diary writing. Get up just in time to see Gary and Helen leave and Mike's charming comment to Helen to "hurry up!" I suppose I do feel a bit guilty not going up onto the moor, but this diary is after all one of my main bits of work here. What's at the root of this worry is of course the fact that because I can stay behind I reaffirm again that as a participant I'm privileged and as an observer I'm limited, having missed out on a day's work.

But it's been a productive day so far and now I've got writer's cramp. It's 3 p.m. so I'll do something dull but worthy like cleaning the caravan to while away the time before the others return.

Of course when everyone did return they were cold, wet and exhausted. By the middle of the evening Gary lay with his eyes closed in the lounge and so I went off to phone Harriet. She'd from her activity weekend with class 6 and sounded equally shattered at the end of the phone. Met Chris T outside the phones. He sounded more excited about work at Leskernick than I've ever heard before. In the bar Henry sat talking to Gill who'd just arrived that evening. Spoke with her briefly, after Henry and Chris T went to bed, about Exeter University where she's currently doing a part-time degree in archaeology. Good to hear that Linda is getting on so well and finally getting to teach some decent stuff on theory at last.

Monday 23rd June 1997

A very cold damp day thankfully with only a little rain. The survey team are searching the 'corridor' between the western and southern settlements that leads down to hut 28. Gill and I go ahead of Chris T, Barbara, Henry and Wayne flagging out feature or suspected features. We're quite promiscuous with our flagging and many are rejected. Barbara compliments us on our accuracy, however, so as not to hurt our feelings when we see the experts following behind pulling our flags out of the ground. Previously we'd flagged out the side walls in orange and red flags and now two lines divide the hill. Despite Wayne's best efforts the poles and flags still can only make a limited impact on the uniform green and grey of the hillside. Later in the day Chris T talks about next year having two people assigned to full-time wrapping and painting of stones so as to totally transform the colours of the hillside. So keen in fact that I think I heard someone say that he was applying for an Arts Council grant. When it comes to this year Chris T and Barbara gently disagree over shrine stone colour schemes. Chris T - white now the only possibility after his flirtation with poppy red; Barbara - more muted, maybe green or yellow.

How to decide what's significant and what's not in the clutter? Chris T looks and appears to be suspicious of some suggested candidates. "Let's vote. Whose for marking these stones?" he says. It's perhaps unsurprising that no one votes yes! If we mark this stone then what happens when we get higher up where there's more clutter, asks Chris T. We'll be marking everything he fears. Always this problem at the back of everyone's minds.



Getting to the area above the wall in the corridor running approximately along a north-south axis we get to see the quoit for the first time in the corridor. There's some debate as to where precisely we can see it first. A compromise proposal that we all sink down to our knees to adjust to a relatively uniform height is rejected as being impractical! We carry on up the hill until we get to the circular quoit viewing structure. Chris T arrives and says that he finds it a bit of a disappointment. Not the fact that you have this viewing effect, but the structure itself. We, however, were less than enthusiastic about his announcement of having found a new Rough Tor effect on the way down to hut 28. We're philistines he declares.

Day rounded off by dinner at Wayne and Barbara's with Gill, Helen and Gary.

Tuesday 24th June 1997

You'll have to forgive the next two day's diary entries for being so scanty. I've only been able to scribble down notes because the weather on the moor hasn't been good enough for me to write there. Also been busy surveying with Henry et al. In the evenings I've rushed to get the remaining follow-up interviews done. So these really are just mnemonic notes!

Better weather makes surveying possible. Staking out the quoit 'envelope' with Henry and Faye. Faye says that she's seeing the hill for the first time today.

Eric's site has become the all singing, all dancing "Trench of Charm". A total transformation in atmosphere!

Barbara joins Pete H and Gary and Helen to go round observing the walls in the southern settlement. Barbara elated and depressed by this experience. Gary and Helen also excited. Helps both greatly with their own research. Mike comes to end of excavation in hut 23. Spraying Angus and Dan with water! Has a closing down ritual during which he buries a copy of Bourdieu's 'Outline of a Theory of Practice' having pissed on it first in private. Sue only discovers this as she attempts to recover it! Chris T throws his trowel into the trench.

Walk up Codda Tor with Henry and Faye. Seeing site from afar. White stones in the clitter look amazing. Settlement at Codda not so well preserved.

Christel and Chris T wrapping shrine stone by hut 28. Unsatisfied with colour schemes.

Wine in evening talking about attitudes to landscape and the significance of Mike pissing on his book. Fact that it was initially a private act that only subsequently came to light has to be taken into account I think.

Went to Rising Sun to eat. Talking about children and death.

Wednesday 25th June 1997

Very bad weather in morning. Difficult to work. Eventually complete inside the envelope views of the quoit.

Angus interviewed. Barbara, Gary and Helen excitedly talking at tea break about walls and next season's excavation strategy. Sue frustrated that unable to interject and seems, but not the case I think, that they are ignoring. Angus says that he was a bit cross with Tony for not answering his questions about why he wanted them to do certain things such as photo things. If you can't be bothered to give me a reason why I should do this then "fuck you," he thought, "why should I help you". Not that fussed though.



Barbara wraps stone in cling film and newspaper cutting, then paints it yellow. Barbara had cross words with Henry about survey strategy. Whether work had been done systematically enough previous year.

Hut 23 being reconstructed and backfilled by Mike, Dan and Angus.

Trip to Safeways in Bodmin to shop.

In bar afterwards for good evening with Gary, Eric, Angus, Faye and Justin.

[...]

Thursday 26th June 1997

{Back to full diary entries now.}

It seems pointless reiterating how awful the weather is. What is new is a feeling of anger that the whole experience here has been blighted by this incessant wind and rain. It has served to emphasise the differences between the work the excavators and the surveyors are doing. Or more importantly the differences in attitudes to work. Today Helen and Gary sit in the lounge when I get up, preparing for the day ahead. The wind is howling outside and the rain is falling hard. They know that they'll be going up onto the site today. They have to go onto site to backfill, but surely not just yet. At 8.15 they see Dan go towards Eric's caravan. Then Faye arrives having spent a miserable night in her tent. Suddenly Eric strides out, knocks on our door and says "come on, we're off!" before turning to walk away. I'm shocked by how abrupt this is, especially after the conviviality of the previous night. At what point does this sort of thing just become rude? I suspect though that Eric is just as pissed off and angry about having to go up onto site. Who should he be angry with though? {It's no ones fault.} [...] It appears to me that Helen and Gary are a bit shocked by this abrupt summons. They're being told like they're children to get into the car before going to school. Why don't they tell him to wait for them until they're ready to go? They rapidly get their kit together and go off to join Eric in the jeep. Of course if they had their own cars than they could go at their own pace, but they're beholden to the people with the cars.

I don't have to go onto site with Eric because 'officially' I'm working full-time for the survey now. They leave and after I finish preparing my lunch and getting my bag together I go off to Barbara and Wayne's caravan to see if we are going up. Obviously we're not because Wayne is sitting in shorts and shirt chatting with Barbara. I'm feeling totally mixed up today. I'm happy not to be on site as I was miserable there yesterday taken aback by the utter futility of the whole exercise. Partly due to it being end period. Feel that I've done my stint in the stinking rain, trudging across the blasted heath. then I feel guilty that I'm not helping my mates shovel shit into their hole. If we were backfilling the cairn today I'd go there and help. But Mike and Eric's sites? I don't owe them any favours. At least Eric had the courtesy to fill in the survey even cursorily with lines indicating blank answers. His (non)responses, along with those from other excavators, have forced me to rethink a lot of what I've been doing here in terms of research ethics and methodology. For that I'm very grateful. It's the single most important thing that I've learnt since I arrived here. Mike for all I know has pissed on my questionnaire and buried it alongside his urine soaked copy of 'Outline'.

Survey or excavation? The problem is that I don't want to make this choice. It's of no interest to me at all. Since choosing to come to Leskernick I've had to manoeuvre between the two. The more I think about it the more I think that it is unfair to think that people should need to move between jobs on site. Let people choose for themselves and if they choose to excavate all day every day and see nothing of the hill,



even dismiss the survey as an irrelevance to their own involvement in the project then let them. What do you loose Barbara? Nothing! They would be the losers.

In Wayne and Barbara's caravan we spoke for several hours about Dave Hooley's diary, [...], about different ways of exhibiting Leskernick (places and formats), about making a documentary (what would you achieve?), about the culture of excavation within archaeology, about people stereotyping others' roles within the project (Sue of Dave Hooley, Chris T of myself), about how miserable the weather has been, about work to be done next year and about ways of doing this work. Now we've gone to our separate caravans to write. I know now why I prefer to leave events for a few hours before writing them up. I'm sure that this morning's entry will seem confused and mean spirited in retrospect.

I have just (at 12.35) remembered a sad thing. Gary asked me to buy him a pasty for his lunch and bring it onto site for him. I won't be there and so Gary will be hungry today of all days.

Later.

Where did I read or hear about the important role going home has within anthropology? I can't remember, but after today I agree wholeheartedly. I'm totally confused about things and need some distance between myself and this place before I can begin to think clearly about all I've experienced in this past month. Remembering Gary's pasty tipped me over the edge {an emotional response to the thought of a savoury snack!} and so I went to see Barbara and tell her that I had to go onto site. Rather enigmatically she said, "I wondered how long you'd last". So she agreed to drive me up to Westmoorgate via a bakery in Camelford. There was no way that I could have gone to the pub with the surveyors knowing that the others were on the moor. Barbara bought enough pasties for everyone and Wayne supplied the Mars Bars and coffee. Off I trudged through the rain towards site thinking that this was a bizarre thing to be doing and just knowing that everyone would be coming off site. Sure enough Eric's trench team were met halfway down. All looking bedraggled, Helen looking almost hypothermic. Divided up the food. Eric patted me on the shoulder and said how much he appreciated my effort in coming onto the moor. Suddenly I'm feeling ashamed for feeling so petty this morning and moaning about the site supervisors who are just trying to do their jobs under totally crazy circumstances. One minute I'm thinking that I never want to talk to Mike ever again and the next I'm walking onto site in a fucking storm to deliver him a Cornish-fucking-pasty. This strikes me as a slightly weird lesson in humility. Lesson that I need to go home because there's no way I can keep being so schizophrenic and inconsistent.

At hut 23 they are finishing laying the last pieces of turf. There is little that I can do to help now. Just enough to get fairly muddy and soaked through. I get a real buzz from seeing how much everyone appreciates the food. Should examine my motives for doing this. Guilt mixed with the knowledge that everyone will think I'm 'a good chap'. May be Mike sees that what I'm doing isn't entirely selfless act because says nothing to me either on the moor or in the van. Indeed Mike's feeling pretty angry about something because upon arrival back at the van complains about being "subject to the tyranny of the majority" in having to eat a cheese and onion pasty instead of the preferred meat one. To add insult to injury the bakery is sold out of meat pasties when we stop on the way home. Mike also says that if people are suffering on the moor than it's their own fault for not coming with appropriate clothing. "Cobblers." says Angus, wringing sodden sweatshirt out.



Off site early means that I'm able to do follow-up interview with Steve whilst Helen and Gary are out swimming. Again this experience teaches me a lot, not only about what Steve thinks about archaeology, but about taking a longer term view of peoples' relationship with me and through me the project that I'm doing. Thinking about how this fieldwork has been different to that in Nepal I believe now that this is the crucial distinction. Whereas last year I felt that during the entire 12 months I had a fairly stable and constant relationship with my informants and friends, this time round the situation is different. My initial reactions to people have been confounded. In fact as today has shown I've had to recognise serious misjudgements almost by the hour. Realising this suddenly makes me incredibly nervous about showing this diary to people. Normally these inconsistencies in attitude and opinion are hidden from view. I'm sure that I'm inclined to collect 'facts' in ways that partially reflect how I feel about people at certain times. {That's one reason why despite the limitations of using a survey I think it's a useful tool. You should have a mixed media methodology in sociology, just as you have within the archaeology at Leskernick.} I also realise that I'm writing this for the reader now as they reach the end of this diary. You must have mixed emotions at this point. I'll be relieved if you can judge me on what I've said and done overall rather than upon the odd moment of spite that I may have sometimes slipped in to this narrative.

Friday 27th June 1997

Last day on site. Dreadful weather. "Extreme," as Angus and Dan say. One thing cheers me up though and this is a wonderful coincidence that occurred this morning. At the start of this excavation if you had asked me I would have said that my one regret coming here was that I didn't bring a tape recorder with me. Then I could have listened to music whenever I wanted to, perhaps even experimented with adding aural colour to the Leskernick landscape in the same way that Barbara and Chris T have experimented with visual colour. And what would I have played? For sure Tallis' 'Spem In Alium'. And today at 9.08 a.m. just as I'm walking onto site for the last time Radio 3 obliges! Listening on my little radio through earphones, as I get to the first leet the piece begins, as I reached the quoit it ended. I can't describe the effect beyond saying that by the end I was speechless and elated.

Excuse the pun, but back-filling in the rain brought me back down to earth! Once the rain stopped though my hands warmed up and soon the spoil heap was visibly reduced in size and decreasing at a fantastic rate. Despite the cold, despite the mud, we all recognised, I think, that the job was being done at a terrific pace.

The day didn't proceed without incident, however, because Mike, after commandeering the best (only decent) wheelbarrow for half an hour to move some of his precious stones, then proceeded to take over the organisation of the backfilling. "Why do we have to debate everything," he cried. "Just do it!" Eric, very diplomatically went for a walk at this point. I got a fit of the giggles watching Mike, hands on hips, standing on the wall of hut 39 surveying the scene, looking just like Billy Liar, the dictator of Ambrosia (film that Gary, Helen and I had watched yesterday afternoon after coming off site).

By 2 p.m. we'd back-filled as tidily as we could and got all the equipment cleaned and sorted ready for collection by one of the local farmers in his Land Rover. At Westmoorgate we debated for 5 minutes whether to go to the pub on the way back or not. Everyone was happy at the end to decide that it was best to go home, get washed and then go to the pub in the evening.



I had the opportunity to finish the last of the follow-up interviews that I'd intended to do, this time with Dan, who was very helpful. Spoke to Eric about meeting up later for an interview in London and he thought that this was a good idea as he felt, like I did yesterday, that he needed to put a bit of distance and time between himself and the project to get things into perspective. Later in the bar he explained why this was the case.

Very pleasant evening at Barbara and Wayne's caravan. Everyone seemed to be very relaxed now that the work was over for this year. Appeared especially to be the case with Mike who finally got round to telling Henry what he thought of the survey team and their research. He doesn't think very highly of them at all, but then this is a mutual contempt and loathing, so that's fair enough. Prior to this Mike had commented to Barbara about how for him one third of the M.Res. course was useless because it consisted of "that thing I buried" (Bourdieu standing in for the whole of social theory and philosophy I suppose he meant). Wedged between Barbara and Mike and listening to this I decided to have a chat with Barbara about my own research problems in the hope that this might defuse the situation that was brewing. Unfortunately, this led Mike, who was obviously spoiling for a fight, to Henry seated on his right and the rest is history. Mike had also spoken of the need to develop a better strategy for excavation at Leskernick because he could see no way in which dramatic research results could be generated. He dismissed the survey as pure invention, "a work of imagination," and said that some sort of lateral thinking was urgently needed if any useful archaeology was to come out of the project. Where and how could this be achieved I asked him. He said that he didn't know and that anyway that wasn't his choice to make. He said that he was sad about all this because one opportunity to work on a site with potentially groundbreaking archaeology had been "stolen" from him, referring here to Shinewater, and he feared that time was also running out at Leskernick.

Good fun in the bar and afterwards, apart from almost being crippled by Gary's demonstration of control and restraint techniques!

Saturday 28th June 1997

Race to the train station and catch the Inter City with only moments to spare. Everyone sleepy on the train and the time passes quickly. At home the front door is decorated with balloons and a "Welcome Home" message. Inside the flat is full of balloons, roses and tissue paper hearts. A message from Harriet says that she'll be back at 4.30. I look at my watch and it's 4.15. Just as I'm sitting down to look at the slides of Stonehenge and Leskernick that I found on my desk I hear the key in the door.